LORNA IS BACK IN "THE ARK" BY AZPIRI!

HEAVY METAL

MARCH 2002
U.S. $5.95
CAN $8.95

THE ADULT ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE

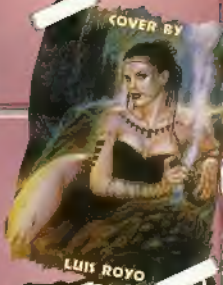
TIP-IN PLATE BY CHICHONI

CONTENTS

Vol. XXVI No. 1

HEAVY METAL

7. GALLERY ON DAVE SEELEY
10. TONY DANGER BY INAKI GONZALEZ HOLGADO
12. MAMO-GENITAL PREFERENCES BY GOUPIL AND WALTER
13. WHAT IS SEXUAL ATTRACTION? BY GOUPIL AND WALTER
14. GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC BY KARL KOFOED
18. TONY DANGER: HOT MISSION BY INAKI GONZALEZ HOLGADO
22. DOSSIER BY S.C. RINGGENBERG
25. THE HUNCHBACK BY MOSDI, LEBROIT & CHANTELOUD
34. LORNA: THE ARK BY AZPIRI
38. PISTFUL OF BLOOD BY SIMON BISLEY AND KEVIN EASTMAN
48. WHEN AUTOMOBILES LAID EGGS BY BOUCQ
77. SNAKE: MACHO MAN BY BERNET AND ABULI
89. SURFAMIDE BY MATTHIUS BEEGUER
96. TO BE A HUMAN... BY Z. PAHEK



a Humperdido! scan

humperdido@hotmail.com

STAFF

PUBLISHER & EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
KEVIN EASTMAN

VICE PRESIDENT/EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
HOWARD JUROFSKY

MANAGING EDITOR
DEBRA YANOVER

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
JOE VARDA
SOVEREIGN MEDIA • (705) 733-2160

DESIGNERS
KELLO-GRAPHICS, INC.

EDITORIAL POLYGLOT
FERSHID BHARUCHA

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER
PAT HAYWARD

Heavy Metal (USPS 6885-797?) "HEAVY METAL" is a trademark of Metal Mammoth Inc. ©2002. 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental. EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions. Otherwise return of artwork is not guaranteed. SUBSCRIPTION: Published bi-monthly by Metal Mammoth, Inc., 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. $17.95 paid annual subscription. $31.95 paid two year subscription, and $38.95 paid three year subscription in territorial U.S. Add $10.00 per year for Canada, Mexico and other foreign countries. Periodicals paid at Rockville Centre, NY and additional mailing offices. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmaster please send change of address to Circulation Department, Heavy Metal Magazine, 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. (516) 594-2136. FAX (516) 594-2133. PRINTED IN CANADA.
Mamo-Genital Preferences ©Vents D'Oeuvi. What Is Sexual Attraction? ©Vents D'Oeuvi. The Hunchback ©Vents D'Oeuvi. Snake: Macho Man ©Editions Albin Michel

PUBLISHERS NOTE

Hey- - it was in the last issue that I wrote the introduction to the 20th Anniversary of Heavy Metal, right? I'm sure it was- - I can clearly remember how much I carried on about "How old I felt being a fan of something that's been around for 20 years " and that "I can't believe what a total effect it has had on my whole life blah, blah, blah " all that stuff- - so there's no way we're now suddenly twenty "FIVE" years old right ?

SHIT

Okay, okay, so we are. I guess I'll just have to say "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!" And I promise not to whine as much this time around- - as it really is pretty cool and besides, we're going to try to make it a Heavy Metal Year to remember!

We've got one of our most ambitious hardcover publishing schedules ever, including "Art of" books on Simon Bisley, Azpiri, my Ninja Turtles, as well as a Max Frezatto rare re-issue to start, and a special collection of "25 Years of Heavy Metal Covers" to round only part of our plans out! Don't even get me started on what we're going to do in the regular issues, or you'll never get me to shut up!

I've got to continue my self-promotion rantings, by thanking all of you crazies who helped make the launch of a brand new, cooler than cool, Heavy Metal inspired website, www.Metalty.com a huge success! So, THANKS! And for those of you that love the idea of reading Simon Bisley's "Shit the Dog" strips, not to mention watching him wrestle inflatable dolls, loads of photos of pretty women, and all things Heavy Metal to buy, add it to your to do list.

This issue is a blast for sure, and a perfect way to kick off our 25th year. Lots of regulars - - besides having a classic Luis Royo on the cover, I'm thrilled to get one of my favorite new artists into the Gallery- Dave Seeley. Simon and I are still going nuts with "Fistful" (I think we just crossed the halfway mark), and Karl Kofoed kicks it with "Galactic" as usual. Howie's favorite, "Sex Tips" returns as does "Snake" and everyone's favorite, "Lorna". My San Diego con drinking buddy, Matthius took time off from his regular "serious" work to do "Surfamide" and I've been able to snuggle him in next to Pahek and Boucq.

Finally, I want to tip my hat to the "Hunchback" crew, nice work guys. I also want to welcome "Tony Danger" to our pages.

Well gang, I've run out of space, so I'll say "Happy Trails". Write me some nutty letters - - I'm getting low on this wacky stuff.

Best,

Kirk Kofoed

Letters To The Editor

One of my longtime favorite sections of Heavy Metal, and too often overlooked when I introduce an issue is Karl Kofoed's 'Galactic Geographic'! Always entertaining, beautifully illustrated and wonderfully written. We're glad to have Karl with us, and I wanted to show you a few letters that Karl has received from his web-site, and to insist that you go check it out yourself!

(www.members.home.net/ggeographic).

I am so glad to have found your web-site. I've been reading about your adventures through Heavy Metal and now I can just jump on-line to get to your words! Thanks! And keep it coming! As for a favorite edition of your work... I believe that all of them are great. However, I do especially like the ones that feature ancient mercenaries. Brilliant with strange settings on them.

Steve

Great work, very interesting, but not nearly enough to see me.

As always, the work contained leaves me breathless while stretching my imagination to the limit. When I look up into the sky at night I can't help but wonder what's out there... galactic geographic helps to fuel that desire.

Douglas

I love your imagination. Thanks for sharing it.

Eric

Dear H.M.

Please publish my letter in Heavy Metal, the greatest publication on Heavy. Beyond giving meaning to my otherwise pathetic and empty life, publishing this letter would be of great benefit to yourself, the war and middle-earth.

To that, publishing my letter would be undeniable proof of Heavy Metal's continued dedication to excellence and cutting edge art in all its forms. Being the first to publish one of my letters would assure Heavy Metal of continued supremacy, dominance and magnificence in the years to come. Heavy Metal would be able to proudly claim to be at the very beginning what I hope to be a long and exciting letter writing career.

There is only the immediate television biography of my life you yourself have illustrated, would be able to relate to viewers around the world of your personal insights and daring in publishing this very letter. You would be able to tell of that moment when the entire Heavy Metal staff, now, you turned to immediately put the letter aside for a time, and finally hear that one captivating moment transformed your life and restored your career into seemingly heights of previously undreamed of success. Having nearly lost this, the original copy of that prophetic letter, you would then be able to auction it off privately and from the proceeds retire to the Caribbean.

Who really deny the revelation of the grand future? But do not think of it as the ravings of publishing this letter be in print. Be sent, far off, illusionary future. Rather, Heavy Metal would better be immediate, from publication of this, the greatest letter ever. Serving as the focal point of my life and years of personal achievement. I would purchase multiple copies of Heavy Metal to hoard for myself and send for posterity. Discussing issues and topics of friends, unable to avoid my publishing triumph of finally having a published letter. I would devote much time to newsstands around the country to pick up copies of Heavy Metal for friends' wives. By publishing this letter not only is it a boost in sales, a handsome conclusion but it will be of the issue appears to be a collectors. There might sophisticated Heavy Metal reader, the issue of Heavy Metal which you are holding is even now becoming the greatest collectable ever. Knowing this in advance, the Heavy Metal investment would be able to gain a premium from those advertisers eager to have a presence not only in Heavy Metal, but in the greatest collectable issue of Heavy Metal ever!

Thus it is not only for myself that I urge you to publish me as an issue. May I call you Kevin? I feel that we have come such a long way together in the letter. I am sure from that you will agree, as Editor in Chief, you owe it to yourself, to Heavy Metal, and to the readers of Heavy Metal to publish this letter. I feel certain that you will allow no one or nothing to stand in the way of the immediate publication of this letter.

Sincerely,

Brett Sauter

p.s. Both of us knowing the profound impact publication of the letter in Heavy Metal will have, it makes sense to capitalize on this event to the greatest extent possible. As such, I would be happy to participate in a promotional lecture/signing tour timed in conjunction with publication of this letter. Please have Heavy Metal marketing department contact me.

Hey, Brett. 'A' for effort buddy- - thanks for helping us sell some extra magazines, but we also want 10% of what you make down the road. Have your people call my people...

Dear H.M.

Fistful of Blood, Dirk Eisenloffel meets Pamela Anderson, sex assaults, body dog guns, very cool.

Steve

Unlike Brett, Steve doesn't mince words - - thanks Steve, we're having a blast doing 'Fistful'.

Dear H.M.

Hey, Heavy Metal I'm a 31 year old female & I have been spreading your word for more than half my life. I bring you to work with me where I get a real issue because I can't afford the whole rack. I like we have grown up together and I can definitely say I'm first advertising. People see my copy as I walk in and never take the someone to ask, "What's that?"

Tallboonie

We would be lost without people like you, Tallboonie - thanks so much for your support!

MAIL LETTERS TO: HEAVY METAL, 100 N. VILLAGE AVENUE, SUITE 12, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NY 11570

WEBSITE: WWW.METALTV.COM

DAVE SEELEY

GALLERY

I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and before I was conscious to my surroundings, I was suburbanized for eighteen womb-like years. My love and propensity for math, science and the making of art sent me off to college at Rice University in Houston where I earned a dual degree in architecture and fine art, and in the process, became an avid comics and fantasy art collector. Heavy Metal was my conduit to Euro-comics, which introduced me to the world of comics directed at adults...tickling my love of art and my libido simultaneously.

For several years I practiced architecture while my desire to make art was subverted into art collecting. In 1989 I tracked down Rick Berry and Phil Hale to buy a painting, and soon afterward I began late night collaborative painting over beer and Irish whiskey with the two of them. Seduced by the charm, glamour and immediate gratification of image making, I derailed my career as an award-winning architect to maintine endorphins produced by making images. You can see printed work in *Showcase 23*, and *24*, *The Workbook 23* and in *SPECTRUM: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art* volumes 4, 5,6 and 7.

Aside from the Berry/Hale influence, which got me into this predicament, I think I'm far more influenced by modern day sci-fi film noir than by illustration in the industry today. I certainly tend toward the painterly in non-digital work.

I admire the work of John Palencar, Kent Williams, Dave McKean, George Pratt and Robh Ruppel. I'm regularly inspired by the work of Caravaggio, Egon Schiele, John Singer Sargent, Robert Graham and Odd Nerdrum.

You can see, commission and buy more work in multiple media at:

DAVESEELEY.COM

I often tackle a piece from the ground up with photo-collage in the computer. The work published here is almost entirely in that medium. I also work in traditional media, largely oils, and pencil and then take a partially developed image into the computer, add photo-source images and work it to some degree with color, filter and lighting manipulations. Recently I've been oil painting over archival digital prints..... MIXED MEDIA.

TONY DANGER

SOMETHING TOLD ME I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF
ATTENTION
DANGER
I FELT SOMETHING WAS WRONG
BIG PROBLEMS!
IT'S AGES SINCE WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU
ME TOO !!
CUUUT !!
AGH! LEAVE ME ALONE!
GOD DAMN IT! CAN'T YOU WAIT TILL THE NEXT BED SCENE? ALWAYS THE SAME!

MAMO-GENITAL FREFER-ENCES
LET'S CALL A SPADE A SHOVEL.
TAKE YOUR PICK! PEAR? APPLE? FACE TOWEL? BATH TOWEL?
SUNNY-SIDE UP.
BAKED YAMS.
WHAT'S THE OPTIMUM SIZE?
NO SMALLER THAN GWEN PALTROW.
BUT NO BIGGER THAN JESSE STRAIN.
WHAT DO YOU PREFER?
REAL.
FAKE.
DECORATIVE.
AT THE GYNECOLOGIST'S, MEN ARE INTERESTED IN WOMEN'S SEXUAL PARTS FOR FOUR REASONS:
THE PUBIS CAN BE AS SMOOTH AS THE GOBI DESERT, OR AS PEASELY COVERED AS THE AMAZONIAN FOREST.
YES
THE VULVA HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING BOTH SMALL AND LARGE LIPS.
YES
THE CLITORIS IS A MINI-PENIS MEASURING ONE INCH AT REST. TWO INCHES WHEN AROUSED UP. IT'S MORE THAN A MEDIUM LOAD. YOU'RE DEALING WITH A BRAD QUEEN.
YES.
THE VAGINA IS A CAVITY THAT ACCOMMODATES ALL SORTS OF CYLINDRICAL FORMS...
YEESSSS

WHAT IS SEXUAL ATTRACTION?

MAN IS A POET AND WOMAN IS HIS MUSE... SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

LET'S LOOK AT A FEW EXAMPLES.

A MAN SEES A WOMAN.

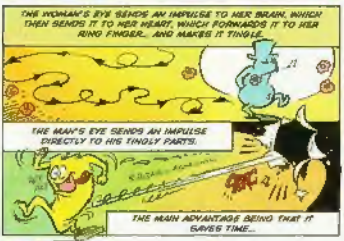
A WOMAN SEES A MAN.

OR MAYBE A MAN SEES A MAN... OR WHATEVER...

THE WOMAN'S EYE SENDS AN IMPULSE TO HER BRAIN, WHICH THEN SENDS IT TO HER HEART, WHICH FORWARDS IT TO HER RING FINGER... AND MAKES IT TINGLE.

THE MAN'S EYE SENDS AN IMPULSE DIRECTLY TO HIS TINGLY PARTS.

THE MAIN ADVANTAGE BEING THAT IT SAVES TIME...



HERE'S FIRST BASE, BUT WHO'S ON TWO?

...WHEREAS MOST WOMEN TAKE SEVERAL HOURS (SOME TAKE EVEN LONGER...).

DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER DRINK.

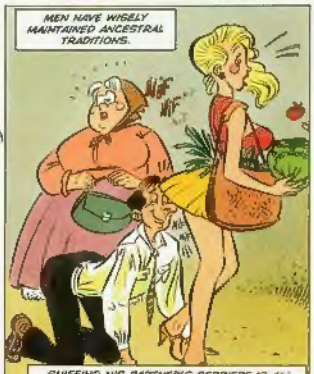
GOT A CONDOM?

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

GOT A CIGARETTE?

MOST MEN ARE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THIS PROBLEM IN 15 MINUTES (OR LESS IF YOU ASK THEM NICELY).

MEN HAVE WISELY MAINTAINED ANCESTRAL TRADITIONS.

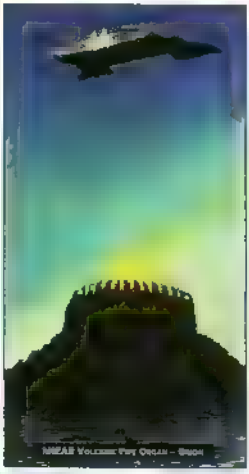


SNIFFING HIS PARTNER'S DERRIERE IS ALL MODERN MAN (LIKE HIS CRO-MAGNON ANCESTOR) NEEDS TO GET HIM STARTED.

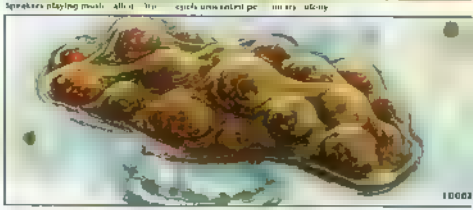
MUSIC OF OTHER WORLDS

Musical instrument? Only ten centimeters long, this colonist discovery on the safeted world remains a mystery.
UNKNOWN INSTRUMENT?
SIDE VIEW
TOP VIEW
Perhaps a valve to control the flow of air or water, this object is made of resonant material and stone

Many languages exist, a philosopher observed, and music is just one of them. Language or art? Whatever we think of it, music has always been difficult for humans to define. Now, as mankind's influence expands to the stars and we become part of a galactic neighborhood populated by other races and civilizations, we find the task even more difficult. To humans, music is a form of sonic expression, usually not considered a language. But to others, it can be found in forms as varied and unusual as the instruments that create it.



Speakers playing music [illegible] cycle unscattered pe[illegible]ary [illegible]



Termite bugs [illegible] during under the European Park use high frequency music to locate microscopic prey

©2001 Karl Kofoed

MUSIC of OTHER WORLDS
Part 1 in a Series

Music. In all its diverse forms, "is where you find it," said the jazz great Charlie "Bird" Parker (1920–1955). Those words were true when he said it a thousand years ago and they ring true today as faster than-light Federation sh ps probe deeper into the universe around us.

In this series we look at the music of Jupiter's Reef, where the *Hummer's* song ignites luminescent flres within its prey to see them in the endless darkness (right), or on Mizar (opposite, bottom left) where a volcanic pipe organ resonates music loud enough to be heard all over the planet.

We'll examine this and other diverse forms of musical instruments, some of them known and others unknown (top left). And we'll see that music has diverse purposes, as on Epsilon 4 (opposite) where colonists found that ancient music called *Disco* gave them freedom from a flying pest.

In "Noron Water Music" we'll see how the aquatic Norons use music to communicate and to measure time.

And in "Music of the Spheres" we will see that music knows no scale, be it microscopic, like the Samba Bugs under the permanent ice on Europa (opposite), or the melodic vibrations of black holes as they gobble up different kinds of stars. We will see that music in all its diversity is indeed, as that jazz great of old said, "where you find it."

SPECIAL TO THE GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC from *Stellar Journals* by Karl Kofoed

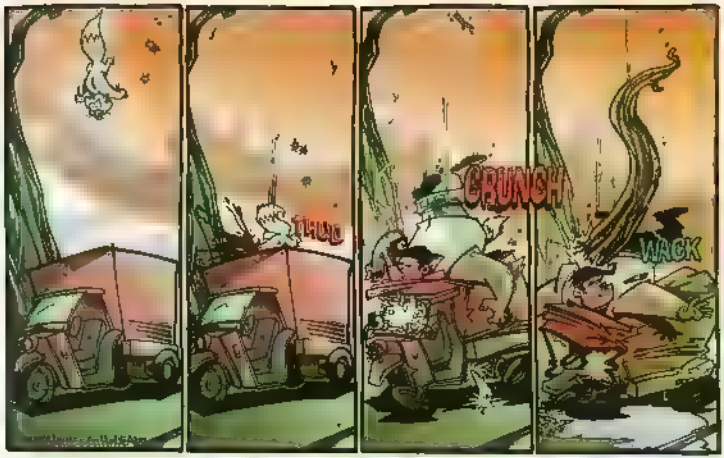
Next in the series:
Songs from Jupiter's Red Spot

©2001 Karl Kofoed

TONY DANGER: HOT MISSION

DUDE! GET OUT OF THE WAY!
COMING THROUGH!
WHAT HAVE WE GOT?
IT SEEMS HE WANTED TO SAVE A LITTLE GIRL'S CAT FROM A TREE
AWW, HOW SWEET!
2ND DEGREE BURNS ON HIS FACE AND EXTREMITIES
DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM. BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER GUY WITH HIM THAT TOLD US HOW HE GOT BURNT

TELL ME HONEY WHAT'S WRONG ?
MY KITTY'S GONNA DIE ! SNIFF. SNIFF
LET'S SEE. MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU OUT
DAMN CAT.. COME HERE.
SHAK
OH SHIT !



THIS IS PRETTY MUCH WHAT THE GUY WHO WAS THERE TOLD ME.

WAIT. THE PATIENT HAS DISAPPEARED !!
AND SO HAS MEDICAL !!
C MON BABY KNOW YOU WANT IT !
CHOP CHOP CLICK
DR. TONY. SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU !
HERE THEY ARE!
CATCH HIM ! HE'S A PSYCHOPATH!
WAIT!
DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH ALL THAT MAKE-UP HE'S WEARING COST? IF HE DOESN'T TURN UP RIGHT AWAY TO FINISH SHOOTING, HIS ASS IS FIRED!
HE TOLD ME HE'D BE RIGHT BACK. THAT WHILE HE STILL HAD ON HIS MAKE-UP HE WAS GONNA DO SOMETHING. DON'T KNOW

Of A Fire in the Desert:

Notes From Burning Man 2000

Yeah Kids! Let's hit it to the apocalypse!

Burning Man is the world's most creative and original festival. Every one of the world's crews to appear since the advent of the 'net. A Samurai Mushroom, cosmic disco, giant robots, bicycles and other unimaginable weirdness, all on the flames of the apocalypse. Thousand Yard Stare was there, and we've got the story. Tell 'em Henry Rollins sent you.

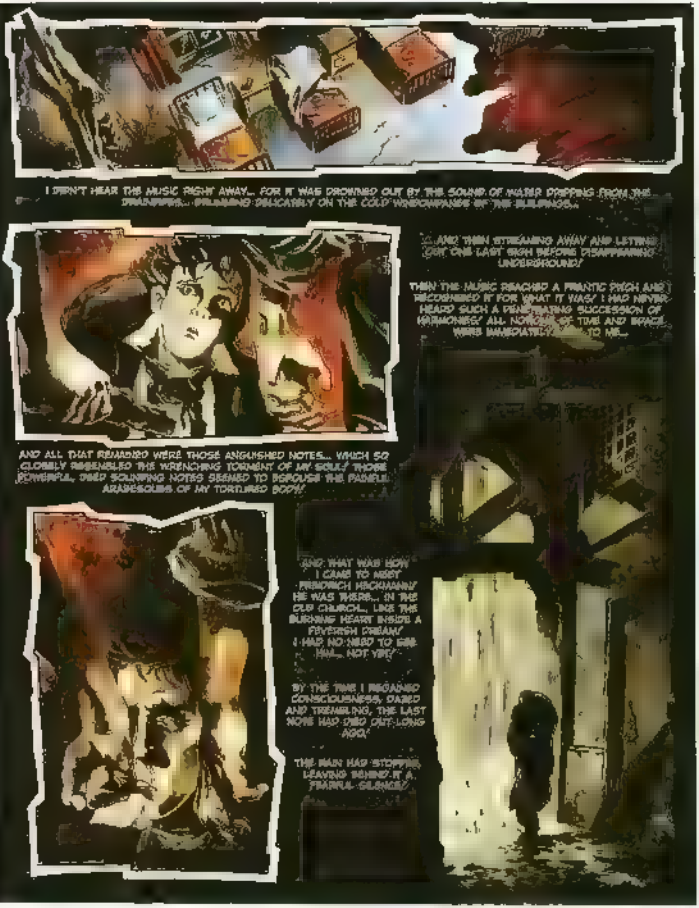
Well, it's happened again. Another artistic g[illegible] Gray Morrow died on November 6th 200[illegible], [illegible], whose work was graced with a realism that rivaled the best of the E.C Comics artists was one of the most prolific and versatile artists in America. Among his best works during a 40-[illegible] illustrating the *Tarzan* syndicated strip, several years of drawing the *Buck R[illegible]* Sunday page, anything he did for the Warren Horror magazines *Creepy* and *Eerie* and his Edge of Chaos mysteries for Pacific Comics in the early 80's. In addition to the thousands of comics pages he drew, Morrow created hundreds of paintings for pulp magazines, book covers, advertising, and movie posters. Fortunately for fans of Morrow's work, and anyone who loves great fantasy art, last year [illegible] Studios published *Gray Morrow* [illegible] a deluxe hardbound collection of [illegible] a fitting tribute to Morrow's monumental talent. I am truly sorry that length considerations must limit the [illegible] B[illegible] of M[illegible]

Gray Morrow was one of the real giants of science fiction and fantasy art.

Gray Morrow is survived by his wife Trish (Pocho) and his daughter Juliet Patrice Sirbu. [illegible] ducks, a rabbit, and a horse.

THE HUNCHBACK

LONG AGO... A FIERCELY MEMORY... A HEROINE OFFSPRING WHOSE EXISTENCE MUST BE HIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF THE WORLD...
I HAD JUST BEEN SENT AWAY TO A GRIM HOSTEL IN A REMOTE AREA OF GERMANY'S RHINELAND... I WAS THERE TO FINISH MY STUDIES, WHICH DIDN'T INTEREST ME IN THE SLIGHTEST/
AT THE COLLEGE, AS EVERYWHERE ELSE, I WAS SHUNNED BY MY PEERS, WHO WERE SUPPOSEDLY MEMBERS OF RESPECTABLE WELL-OFF FAMILIES.
BUT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, THEIR FRIENDSHIP MATTERED LITTLE TO ME/ AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED, THEY WERE JUST GHOSTS/
AND YET, GRADUALLY, I LEARNED TO TAKE PLEASURE IN THE SOLITUDE IMPOSED ON ME BY THEIR CRUEL ALOOFNESS...
TO SAVOR MY SOLITUDE, I WOULD SOMETIMES ESCAPE OUTSIDE THE TALL, DARK STONE WALLS... AND WALK FOR HOURS THROUGH THE NARROW ALLEYWAYS OF THE OLD TOWN...
WAS IT CHANCE OR FATE? ONE NIGHT I TOOK SHELTER FROM THE RAIN UNDER A DOORWAY... THE HEAVENS SEEMED TO BE WEEPING, AND IN THE DISTANCE I COULD MAKE OUT THE SOBS OF A DISTANT STORM/


I DIDN'T HEAR THE MUSIC RIGHT AWAY... FOR IT WAS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUND OF WATER DRIPPING FROM THE DRAINPIPE... DRUMMING DELICATELY ON THE COLD WINDOWPANES OF THE BUILDINGS...
...AND THEN STREAMING AWAY AND LETTING OUT ONE LAST SIGH BEFORE DISAPPEARING UNDERGROUND!
THEN THE MUSIC REACHED A FRANTIC PITCH AND I RECOGNISED IT FOR WHAT IT WAS! I HAD NEVER HEARD SUCH A PENETRATING SUCCESSION OF HARMONIES! ALL NOTIONS OF TIME AND SPACE WERE ANNIHILATED TO ME...
AND ALL THAT REMAINED WERE THOSE ANGUISHED NOTES... WHICH SO GLOBALLY RESEMBLED THE WRENCHING TORMENT OF MY SOUL! THOSE POWERFUL, DEEP SOUNDING NOTES SEEMED TO BORROW THE PAINFUL ARABESQUES OF MY TORTURED BODY!
AND WHAT WAS HOW I CAME TO MEET FRANCOIS HINCHANNE! HE WAS THERE... IN THE OLD CHURCH... LIKE THE BURNING HEART INSIDE A FEVERISH DREAM! I HAD NO NEED TO ASK HIM... NOT YET!
BY THE TIME I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, DAZED AND TREMBLING, THE LAST NOTE HAD DIED OUT LONG AGO!
THE MAN HAD STOPPED, LEAVING BEHIND IT A FRAGILE SILENCE!

HOW OFTEN HAVE I MOANED THESE AT THE PEAK OF TORMENT? I FEEL LIKE AN ACTOR WHO PREFERS TO REMOVE HIS STAGE MAKEUP SLOWLY, HIS HEART FILLED WITH STRANGE MISGIVINGS, BECAUSE HE IS AFRAID THAT WHAT HE MAY FIND UNDER THE PAINT...
I WANT TO PROLONG THE AGONY OF THIS EXISTENCE, SO AS TO FULLY ENJOY IT! I PUT THE MAGIC MY FOOTSTEPS THEY ECHOED DOWN THE EMPTY CORRIDORS OF THE HOSPITAL, WHERE THOSE OF A STRANGER!
I WAITED TILL HAMMERSMITH HIGHMAN'S TALL FIGURE APPEARED IN THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH. HE TURNED ROUND TO LOOK AT THE SCHOOL SEVERAL TIMES, BEFORE RUNNING AWAY!
KNEW WHAT HE WAS GOING UP, AND I COULD IMAGINE HIS TORMENT!
HE WAS ALMOST RUNNING... YET I WASN'T AFRAID OF LOSE HIM...
... NOT ANYMORE! AS HE RAN HIS CAPE FLAPPED AROUND HIM... LIKE A VAMPIRE'S! SHIVERS RAN UP AND DOWN MY SPINE AS I REMEMBERED THE RUMORS ABOUT HIM!
SOME SAID HE PRACTICED BLACK MAGIC! OTHERS WHISPERED EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING THINGS... ABOUT THIS YOUNG MAN WHO CAME TO HIS HOUSE EVERY NIGHT! SOME OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE FELT HE SHOULD BE STONED... OR HANGED! ORDINARY PEOPLE ALWAYS TRY TO DESTROY WHAT LIES BEYOND THEIR UNDERSTANDING!

WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THERE ARE ONLY THE TWO OF US HERE
NOTHING. JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR MUSIC MEANS TO ME
DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH. MINDLESS ENTHUSIASTIC FANS INCREDIBLY REVOLTING
YOU MUSTLE REMARKS AT... NOT STOP ME FROM LISTENING TO YOUR PLAYING, AS I'VE BEEN DOING FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.
I CAN'T STAND OUTSIDE THE CHURCH AND LISTEN, BUT I DON'T THAT I HOPED YOU'D RESPOND MORE GRACIOUSLY
I'M SORRY. NEXT TIME, COME INTO MY SANCTUARY. IT'S WARMER THAN NEPTUNE'S
AND NOW, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF?

FOR A FEW HEARTBEATS, I FELT INCREDIBLE COLD... AS IF I WERE SINKING INTO A STILL, ICE LAKE... A SHADOW FELL ACROSS MY LIFE... SLIPPING... AT THE LAST MINUTE, A SKELETAL HAND PIERCED THE CHILL WATERS... AND SAVED ME!

I SHOT UP INTO THE NIGHT AIR, AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD AND RIGHT AWAY, I KNEW PRECISELY WHERE FRIEDRICH WAS GOING TO TAKE ME...

AND I KNEW, A PART OF ME, THAT I COULD NOT GO. TOGETHER, WE WOULD SURELY DESTROY THE SLEEPING TOWN, WHILE A TERRIBLE STORM BREWED OVER OUR HEADS!

AND I WAS LAUGHING INSIDE! I COULD IMAGINE OUR FUTURE... LIVING IN A NIGHTMARE THAT WOULD DESTROY THE DREAMS OF ALL THOSE HYPOCRITES WHO LAY CURLED UP IN THEIR BEDS!

FRIEDRICH LIVED IN AN ANCIENT MANOR... AND I FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH A MAZE OF DARK CORRIDORS AND PASSAGES... THOUGH I WAS LOST, I FOLLOWED MY HOST WILLINGLY AS HE CLIMBED THE STEEP STONE STEPS OF AN ENDLESS STAIRWAY!

THEY TOOK THEIR TIME TO MAKE UP THEIR MINDS... WE WERE ALMOST WAITING FOR THEM... BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, THEY CAME TOO LATE! WE HAD ALREADY CLIMB THE BONE THAT FATE HAD THROWN US! AS FOR OUR FUTURE... IT HAD ALREADY PASSED.

MY MEMORIES OF THIS PERIOD ARE FITS OF NOSTALGIA... SOME HOT AND HUMID REMINISCENCES... I REMEMBER A FOREST, WITH DENSE UNDERGROWTH, WHERE FREEFRICH LIKED TO ACT LIKE A MOROSE, SENSUAL FAUN.

AS THEY BROKE DOWN THE DOOR WITH CRIES OF ANGER, WE WATCHED THEM THROUGH A WINDOW AND TALKED ABOUT THEM...
FOR FREEFRICH, THE LASCIVIOUS CROWD WAVING BELOW US WAS LIKE A GIGANTIC MANDRAKE THAT WE HAD WRENCHED FROM A SWAMP.

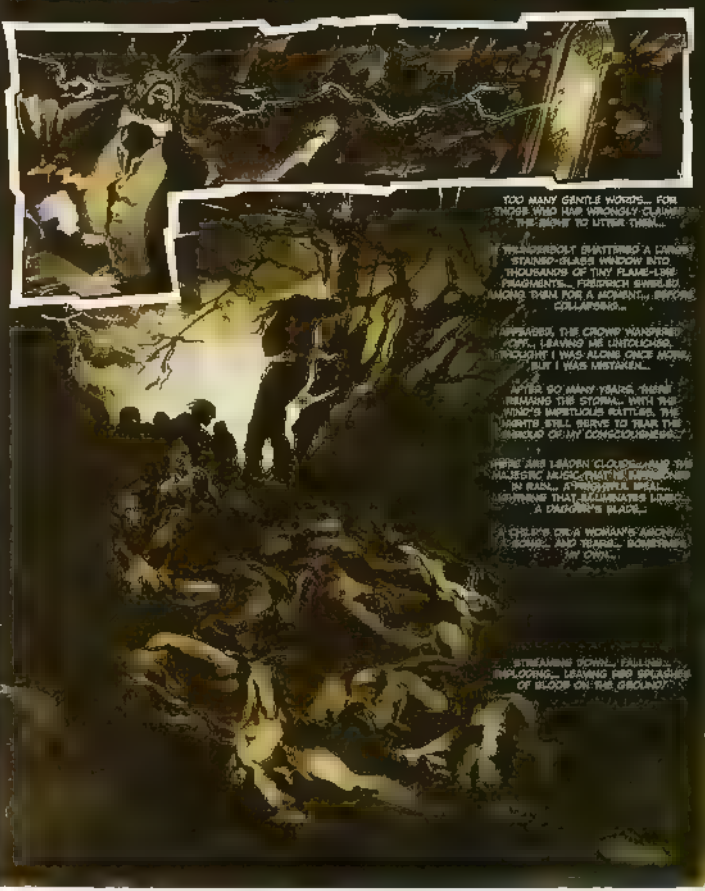
I FELT THOSE ENVENOMATED FACES AND TOOTHLESS MOUTHS BELONGED TO SICK OLD PEOPLE, AS THEY WERE LIT UP BY FLASHES OF LIGHTNING, I COULD MAKE OUT THEIR ROTTING ARMS AND LEGS AND PUTREFYING SEXUAL PARTS... WHICH WERE GRADUALLY BREAKING OFF FROM THE REST OF THEIR BODIES.

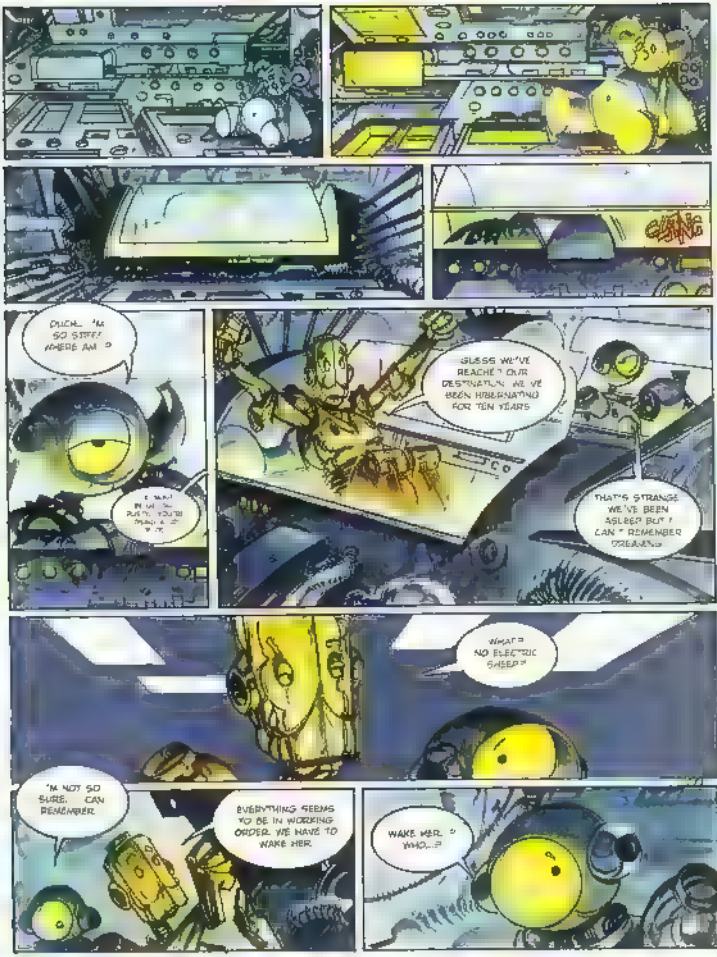
BY THE VIOLATED VIRGIN!
IF IT IS TRUE THAT HATE GIVES OUT THE SMELL OF DECAY, THEN THAT NIGHT MY SOUL STANK!
AND AFTER WHAT HAPPENED, I HAVE NEVER AGAIN BEEN ARMANY.

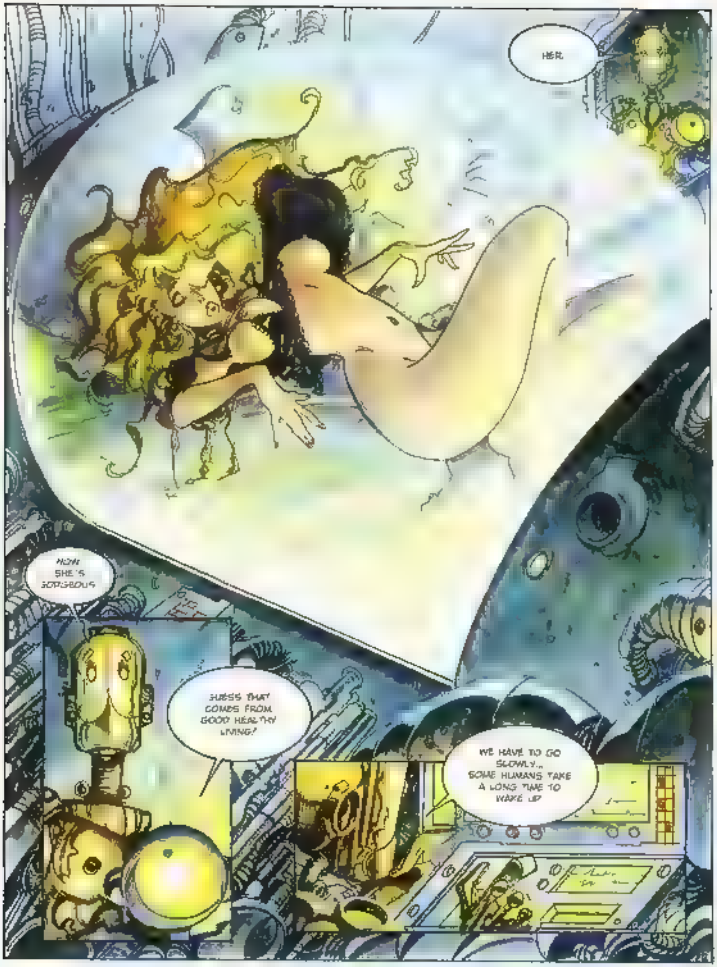
WE WENT OUT A BACK WAY, AND RAN TO THE CHURCH!

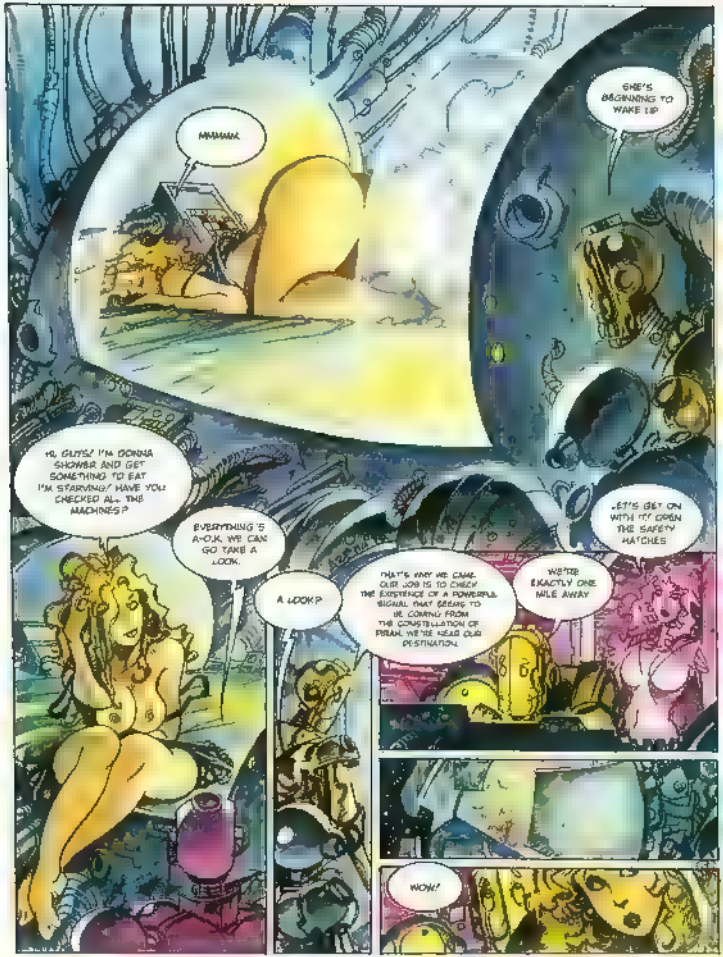
WE WANTED TO BE WORTHY OF THE HATRED THAT WAS DIRECTED AT US!

THIS PLACE
HE PLACES US IN THE HANDS OF THAT DISTANT GOD WHO KEEPS US IN SLAVERY... BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.
THERS MAY BE DOOMED TO WANDER THE EARTH WITHOUT BEING JUDGED... CONDEMNED TO SUFFER FOR NO REASON..
SIMPLY FOR HAVING DARED TO LOVE


TOO MANY GENTLE WORDS... FOR THOSE WHO HAD WRONGLY CLAIMED THE RIGHT TO UTTER THEM...
A THUNDERBOLT SHATTERED A LARGE STAINED-GLASS WINDOW INTO THOUSANDS OF TINY FLAME-LIKE FRAGMENTS... FRIEDRICH SWIRLED AMONG THEM FOR A MOMENT... BEFORE COLLAPSING...
APPLAUSE, THE CROWD WANDERED OFF... LEAVING ME UNTOUCHED, THOUGHT I WAS ALONE ONCE MORE, BUT I WAS MISTAKEN...
AFTER SO MANY YEARS, THERE REMAINS THE STORM... WITH THE WIND'S IMPETUOUS RATTLES, THE NIGHTS STILL SERVE TO FEAR THE CROWD OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS...
THERE ARE LEADEN CLOUDS... AND THE MAJESTIC MUSIC THAT NEVER ECHOED IN VAIN... A PROPITIOUS SPELL... LIGHTNING THAT ILLUMINATES LIKE A DRAGON'S BLADE...
A CHILD'S OR A WOMAN'S ANGRY... SCREAM... AND TEARS... SOMETIMES, MY OWN...
STREAMING DOWN... FALLING... IMPLODING... LEAVING RED SPLASHES OF BLOOD ON THE GROUND...


CLANG
CLANG
OUCH... I'M SO STIFF! WHERE AM I?
I WANT MY ELECTRIC SHEEP! YOU'RE MINE & I'M A...
GUESS WE'VE REACHED OUR DESTINATION. WE'VE BEEN HIBERNATING FOR TEN YEARS
THAT'S STRANGE. WE'VE BEEN ASLEEP BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER DREAMING
WHAT? NO ELECTRIC SHEEP?
I'M NOT SO SURE. CAN REMEMBER.
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN WORKING ORDER. WE HAVE TO WAKE HER.
WAKE HER...? WHO...?


HER.
WOW. SHE'S GORGEOUS.
GUESS THAT COMES FROM GOOD HEALTHY LIVING!
WE HAVE TO GO SLOWLY... SOME HUMANS TAKE A LONG TIME TO WAKE UP.


MMMMM
SHE'S BEGINNING TO WAKE UP
HI, GUYS! I'M GONNA SHOWER AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT I'M STARVING! HAVE YOU CHECKED ALL THE MACHINES?
EVERYTHING'S A-O.K. WE CAN GO TAKE A LOOK.
A LOOK?
THAT'S WHY WE CAME. OUR JOB IS TO CHECK THE EXISTENCE OF A POWERFUL SIGNAL THAT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE CONSTELLATION OF PERAH. WE'RE NEAR OUR DESTINATION.
LET'S GET ON WITH IT! OPEN THE SAFETY HATCHES
WE'RE EXACTLY ONE MILE AWAY
WOW!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

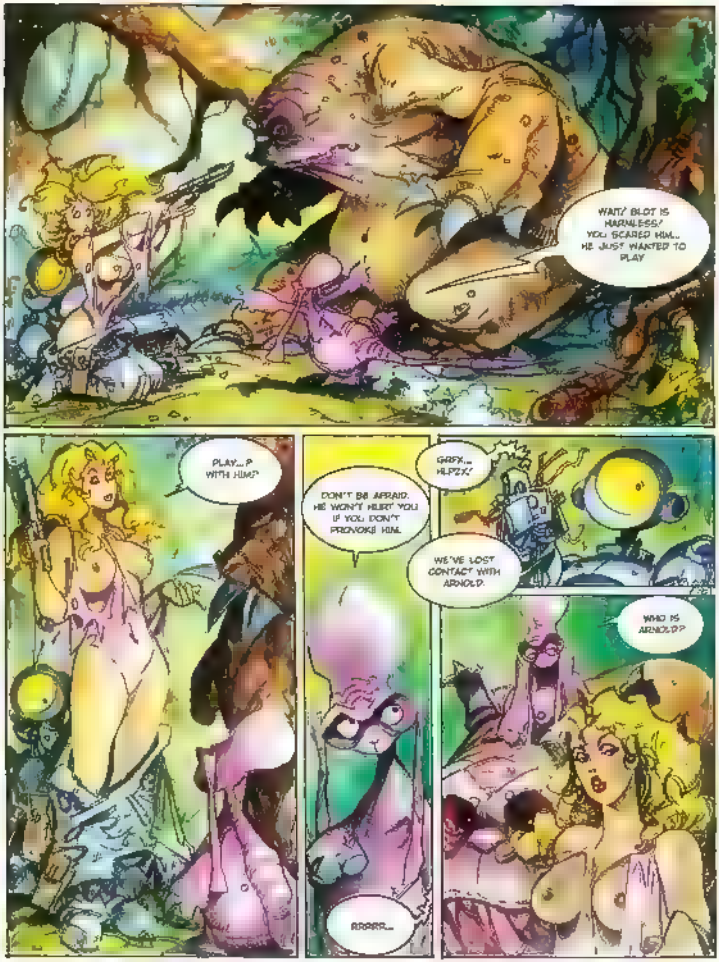
GAAG
WE PROBABLY CRASHED INTO SOME SPACE DEBRIS.
WE SHOULD SWITCH OVER TO "Z MODE" DON'T WANT ANY BITS OF GARBAGE TO DAMAGE OUR SPACESHIP.
IT'S ONE OF THE COLONISTS' CARGO SHIPS.
THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY SIGNS OF LIFE
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND TONS IN A SEVEN-MILE DIAMETER. CARGO UNKNOWN. UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN 2099.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THAT'S THE YEAR WE SET OFF ON THIS MISSION.

WE SHOULD GO BACK SO WE CAN INFORM THE FEDERATION
CHECK THE COMPUTER BLUE-PRINTS, AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND AN ENTRY HATCH.
ARNOLD, YOU STAY HERE. ASH, YOU COME WITH ME. WE'LL KEEP THE COMLINK OPEN.
CLACK
SKIPPER
AWW, MAN? HE'S BETTER PREPARED FOR JOBS LIKE THIS!

WE'RE INSIDE.
JUST A MINUTE. HAVE TO ADJUST MY THERMAL EQUILIBRIUM.
SEE IF YOU CAN JIMMY THE LOCK AND GET US IN.
WHY DO ALWAYS HAVE TO BE THE HANDYMAN AROUND HERE?

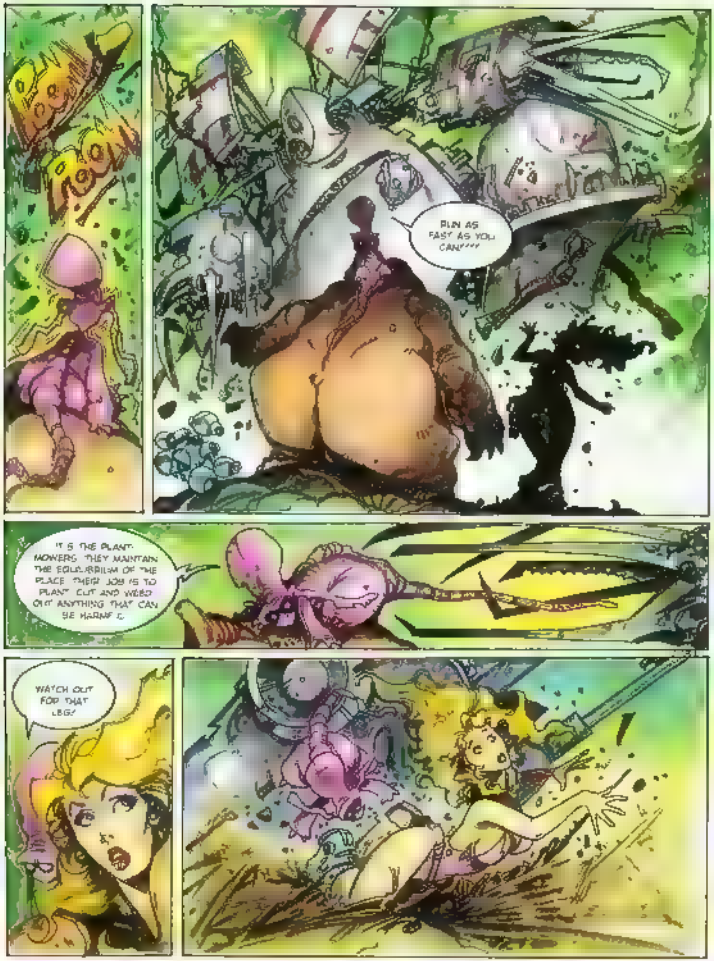
WHAT EXUBERANT VEGETATION. THERE MUST BE SOME LIFE FORM AROUND HERE
AN YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE TEMPERATURE IS VERY HIGH. I'M GOING TO TAKE MY SUIT OFF BEFORE WE...

SHOOT! SHOOT!
NO... DON'T DO THAT!


WAIT! BLOT IS HARMLESS! YOU SCARED HIM... HE JUST WANTED TO PLAY
PLAY...? WITH HIM?
DON'T BE AFRAID. HE WON'T HURT YOU IF YOU DON'T PROVOKE HIM.
GRRX... HLPZX!
WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH ARNOLD.
WHO IS ARNOLD??
RRRRR...

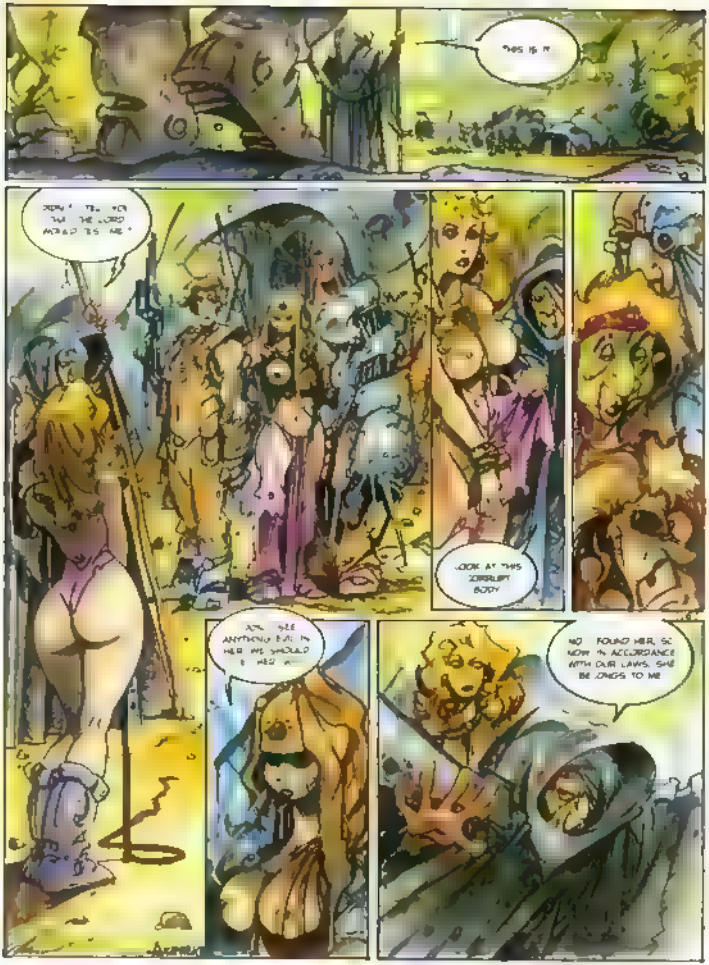
YOU GUYS AREN'T HUMAN.
OKAY BUT NOW IT WILL GET DARK SOON.
OH? WHO DO YOU REGARD AS HUMAN BEINGS?
CAN YOU TAKE US TO THEM?
HOW SILLY BUT WE'RE IN.
... SIDE THE..
WHAT HAPPENED? STAY NEAR ME
WE MUST GET SOME SLEEP

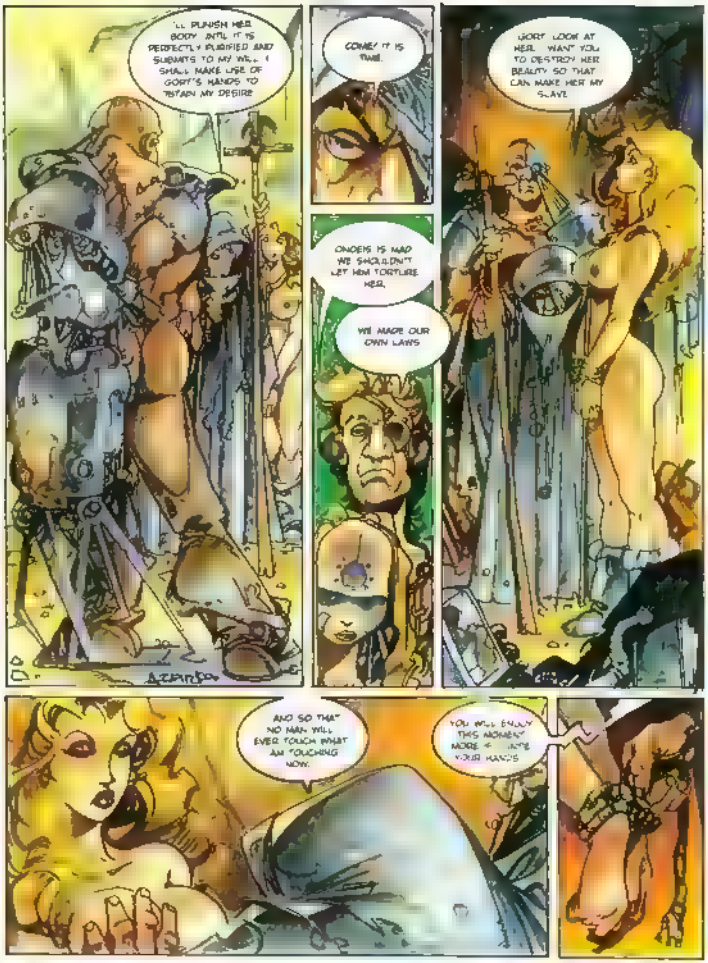
ARE THE HUMAN BEINGS STILL VERY FAR AWAY?
NO, NOT TOO FAR. THEY LIVE ON THE SECOND LEVEL, BUT WE AVOID ALL CONTACT WITH THEM. IN MY OPINION, THEY'RE COMPLETELY CRAZY.
BIP BIP BIP...
KEEP QUIET...!
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
I'M FED UP WITH THIS GADGET
BUUUP
TOO LATE!
TO STOP IT FROM BROADCASTING THE COORDINATES.
FOR WHAT...?


RUN!
RUN!
RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN!!!!
IT IS THE PLANT MOWERS. THEY MAINTAIN THE EQUILIBRIUM OF THE PLACE. THEIR JOB IS TO PLANT, CUT AND WEED ON ANYTHING THAT CAN BE HARMFUL.
WATCH OUT FOR THAT LEG!

HANG ON TO WHATEVER YOU CAN!
HANG ON? TO WHAT?
THINK WE'VE LOST HER.
I RECEIVED YOUR SIGNAL SIR.

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WOKE UP!
WHO ARE... YOU?
I'M ONDEIS THE PRIEST! I'M THE SPIRITUAL KEEPER OF THIS PLACE, BUT I'LL ALREADY KNOW HALL YOU SHOULD JUST THAT YOUR FLESH NOBLE TEMPT ME.
BUT I'M ARMED AGAINST ALL THAT! DON'T FORGET THAT "IN THE LORD'S CHOSEN ONES" SOME DAY WE WILL ALL BE JUDGED BY HIM AND HE WILL SHOW ME HIS APPRECIATION. I'M SURE OF IT
AND NOW YOU MUST COME WITH ME. YOU WILL BE JUDGED FOR YOUR SINS.
YOU'RE COMPLETELY MAD!


THIS IS IT
DON'T TELL YOU THE LORD MOHAB IS ME
LOOK AT THIS TERRIBLE BODY
NO FOUND HER, SO NOW IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR LAWS, SHE BELONGS TO ME

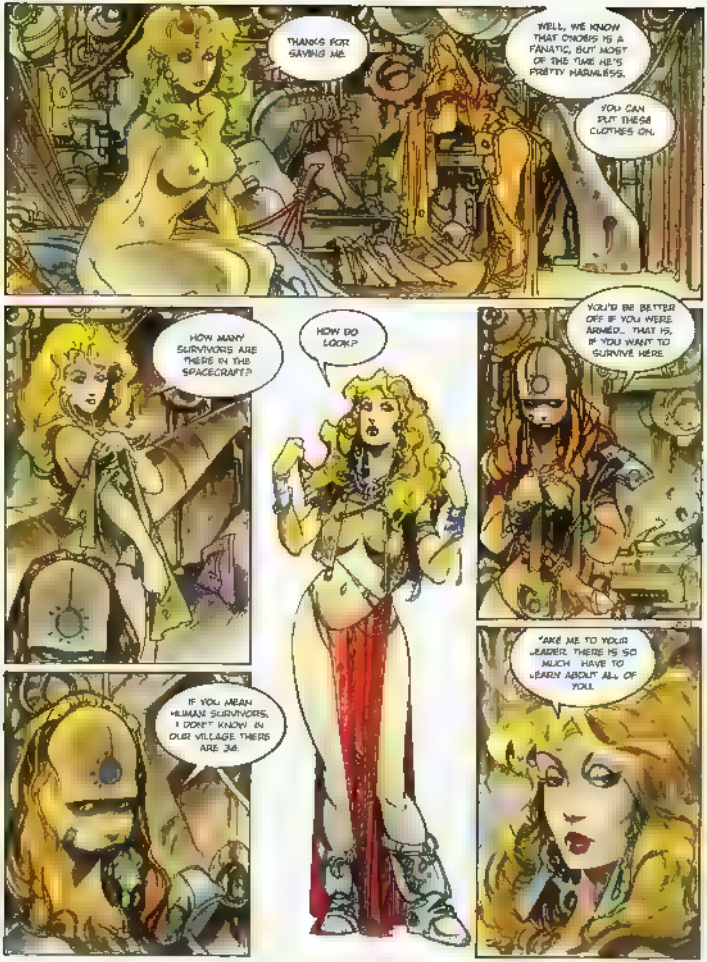

I'LL PUNISH HER BODY UNTIL IT IS PERFECTLY PURIFIED AND SUBMITS TO MY WILL. I SHALL MAKE USE OF GOD'S HANDS TO ATTAIN MY DESIRE
COME! IT IS TIME.
ONDEHS IS MAD WE SHOULDN'T LET HIM TORTURE HER.
WE MAKE OUR OWN LAWS
WORK LOOK AT HER. WANT YOU TO DESTROY HER BEAUTY SO THAT CAN MAKE HER MY SLAVE.
AND SO THAT NO MAN WILL EVER TOUCH WHAT AM TOUCHING NOW.
YOU WILL ENJOY THIS MONKEY MADE OF ICE YOUR HANDS

SWINE!
BE STILL! DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU!
WHEN GOBY HAS FINISHED TAMING YOU, WILL CUT YOUR RIGHT HAND OFF

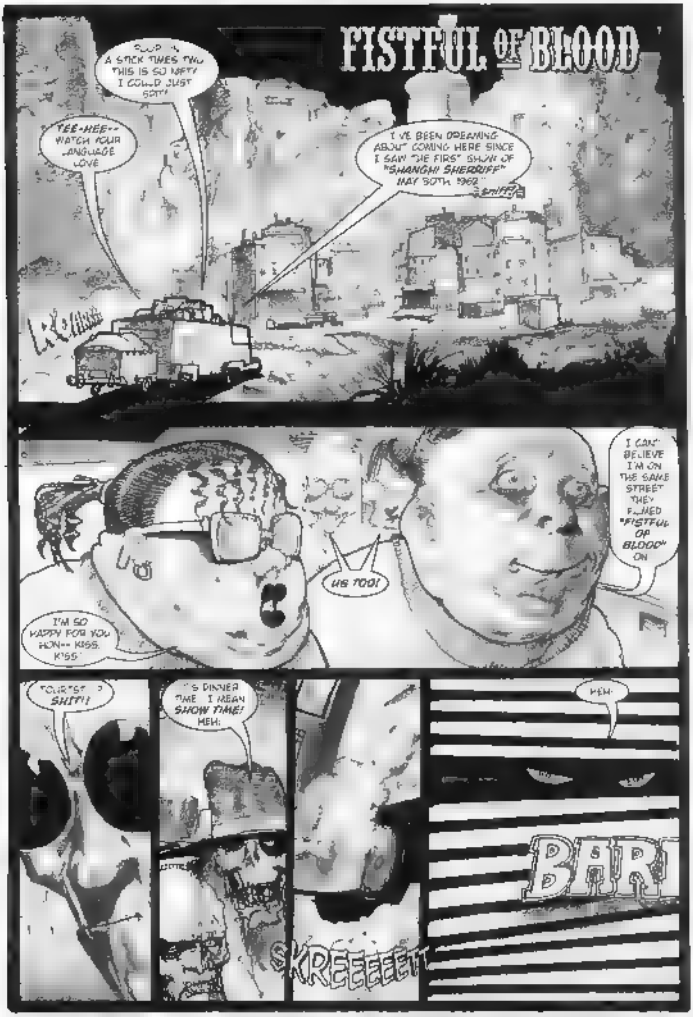
HEY . WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
GOOFF... LET GO OF HER NOW!

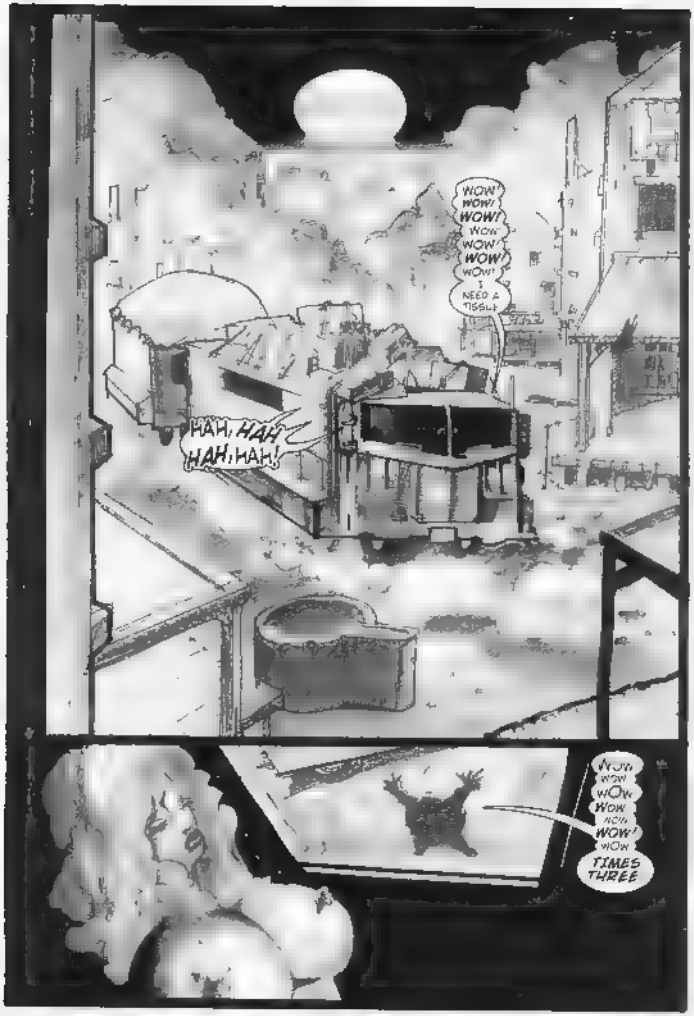
HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? YOU'RE INTERFERING WITH MY RIGHTS.
YOU NO LONGER HAVE ANY RIGHTS. THIS WOMAN IS NOW UNDER MY PROTECTION.
YOU'LL REGRET THIS... BOTH OF YOU...!
SWEAR!

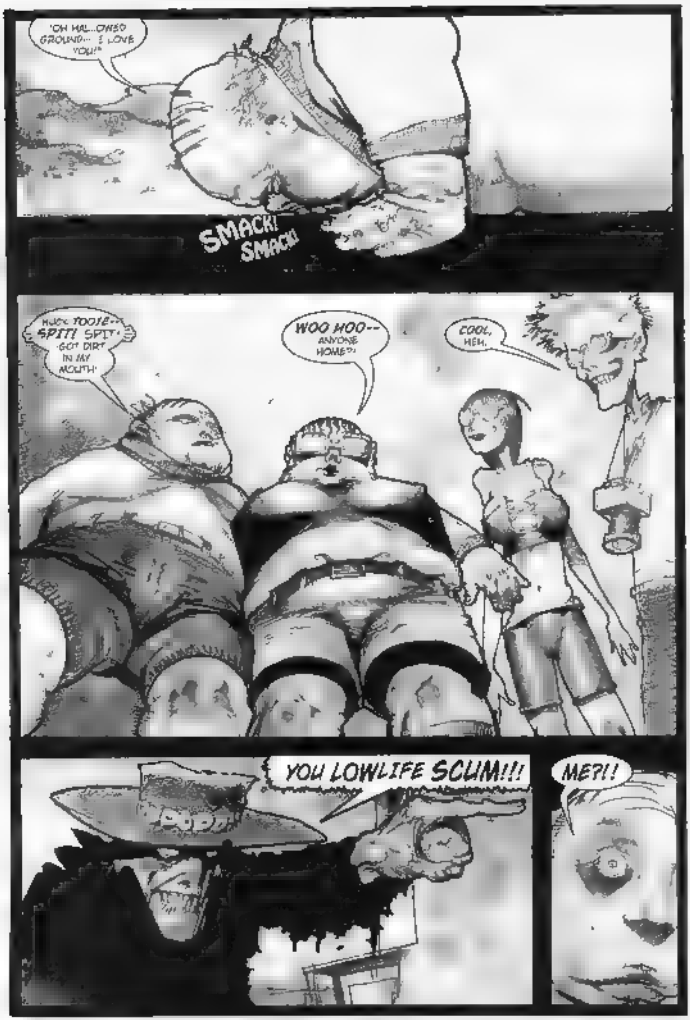
CAN YOU TELL THIS FOUR-LEGGED BEAST TO LET GO OF ME?
DON'T KNOW IF I CAN. BLOT DOESN'T LIKE HYSTERICS, AND HE SEEMS ANGRY
IS THAT ARNOLD?
THANKS A LOT NOW TELL ME, WHERE IS LORNA? I WAS WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING HER IN YOUR CARE.
WE WERE ATTACKED AND SHE DISAPPEARED
WE MUST FIND HER. IF SHE'S FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF MONSTERS LIKE THESE...
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT
SHE MUST BE ON ONE OF THE LOWER LEVELS. I'LL COME WITH YOU AND HELP YOU FIND HER.
BUT STOP MAKING SO MUCH NOISE. IT WILL MAKE THE MONSTERS COME BACK


THANKS FOR SAVING ME.
WELL, WE KNOW THAT ONORIS IS A FANATIC, BUT MOST OF THE TIME HE'S PRETTY HARMLESS.
YOU CAN PUT THESE CLOTHES ON.
HOW MANY SURVIVORS ARE THERE IN THE SPACECRAFT?
HOW DO LOOK?
YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IF YOU WERE ARMED... THAT IS, IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE HERE.
IF YOU MEAN HUMAN SURVIVORS, I DON'T KNOW IN OUR VILLAGE THERE ARE 38.
TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER. THERE IS SO MUCH HAVE TO LEARN ABOUT ALL OF YOU.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107


FISTFUL OF BLOOD
SIGH A STICK TIMES THU THIS IS SO NIFTY I COULD JUST SCIT!
TEE-HEE-- WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE LOVE
I'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT COMING HERE SINCE I SAW THE FIRST SHAW OF "SHANGHI SHERRIFF" MAY SOTH, 1962 SNIFF
I CAN BELIEVE I'M ON THE SAME STREET THEY FILMED "FISTFUL OF BLOOD" ON
US TOO!
I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU HON-- KISS. KISS
YOU'RE SHIFT!
'S DINNER TIME I MEAN SHOW TIME! MEH.
SKREEEEEET
MEH.
BAR!


WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! I NEED A TISSUE
HAH, HAH! HAH, HAH!
WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! TIMES THREE


"OH HALLOWED GROUND... I LOVE YOU!"
SMACK! SMACK!
HUCK TOOIE-- SPIT! SPIT! GOT DIRT IN MY MOUTH!
WOO HOO-- ANYONE HOME?!
COOL, HEH.
YOU LOWLIFE SCUM!!!
ME?!!

NO IDIOT-- HIM!!
YOU TALKIN' TO ME SCUM BUCKET?!!
WHAT
AND A KNUCKLEHEAD
DRAW!
IS OVER FOR
AARRGGHH!!
SPAK!
BHAM
EEEEE
LIM.
HAH, HAH, HAH, MAN- FAKE ARM KIDS!
ALL PART OF THE SHOW, FOLKS!

HEH. HEH. BOY THAT WAS SOME SHOW. HUH GANG?
WE JUS' JOVE RE CREATING THE HISTORY OF THIS PLACE AND FEEDING OUR GUESTS-- BRING ON THE FOOD!!
I KNEW IT ALL ALONG
ME TOO
TERRIFIC!
COOL!
HEH!
I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER PLACE TO HAVE AN OLD FASHION PARTY THAN SNAPPY'S SALOON!!
THIS IS A DREAM COME TRUE FOR US

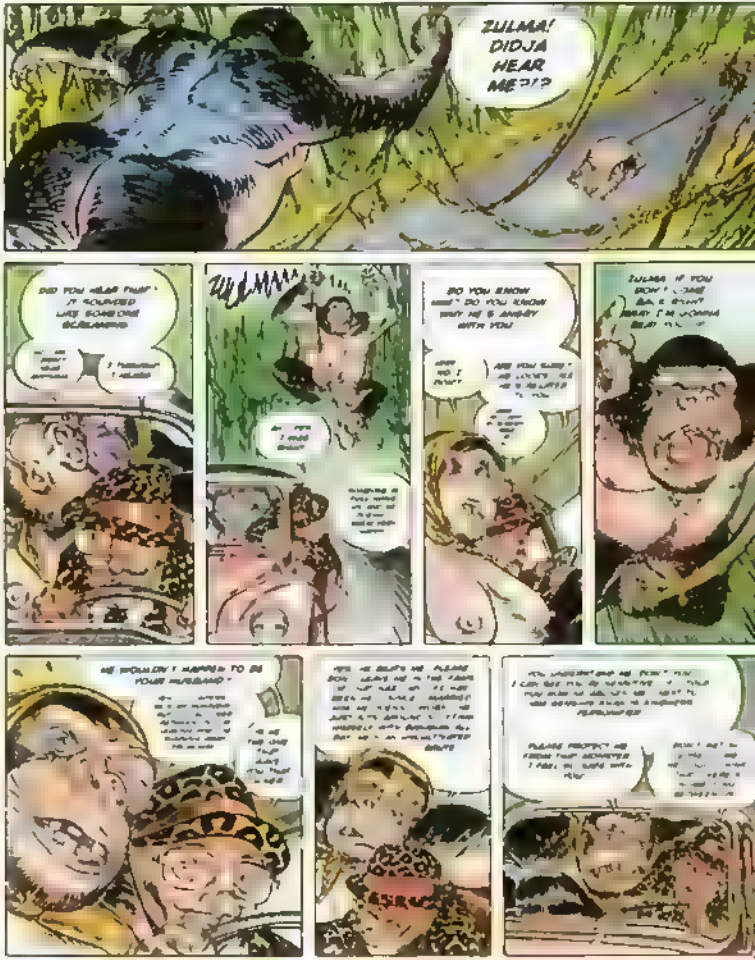
HEH, HEH-- SERIOUSLY KIDS, WE'D LOVE IT IF YOU TOLD ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY ABOUT THE GREAT TIME YOU HAD HERE AND WE DO HOPE YOU COME BACK SOON!
NOW, WE HAVE A SPECIAL SURPRISE!

IMAGINE WE HAVE TO TELL THE HISTORY OF OUR HOME. INCLUDING THE WONDERFUL ASIAN PAST AND HOW IT LED US BECOME WHAT WE ARE
SLAP
WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THIS
HAROW"
SLAM
WE COOKIE YUMMY FOOD'
LOOK, YUM! HIS WILL BE SO COOL

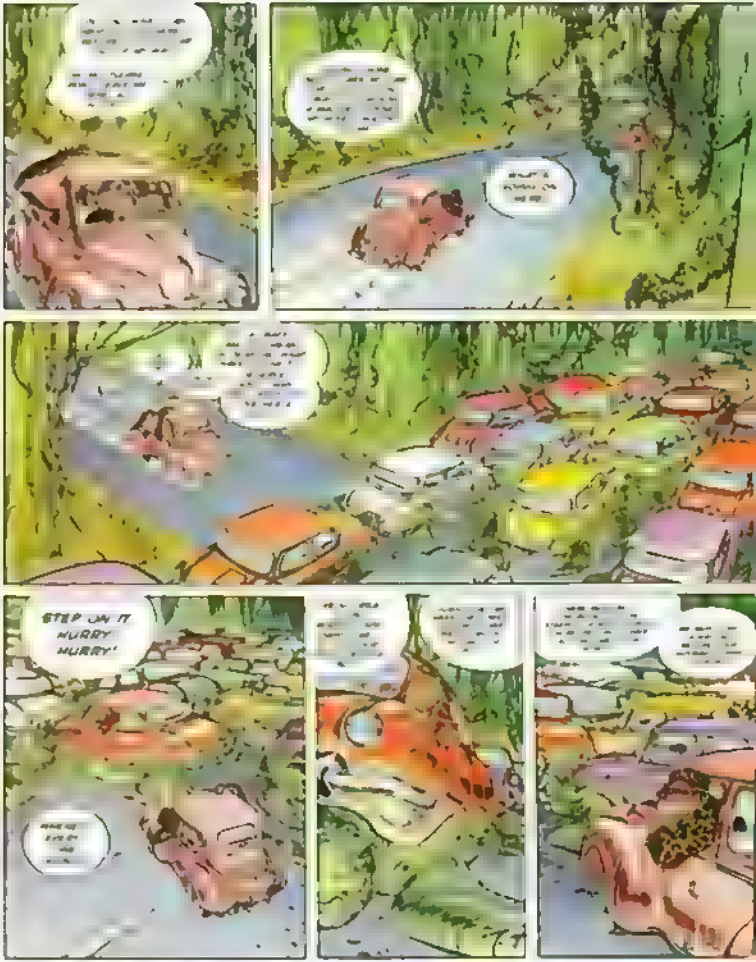
FORTUNE COOKIE?! YES
ALL OF THEM
ACTUALLY I'D BE HAPPY WITH ALL OF THEM
ALL YOU CAN EAT HERE IS YOUR FORTUNE
IT IS IT OURS?!!
AH NEVER REMEMBER
OH GOD!!!
RRRRRRRRRRRRAAA

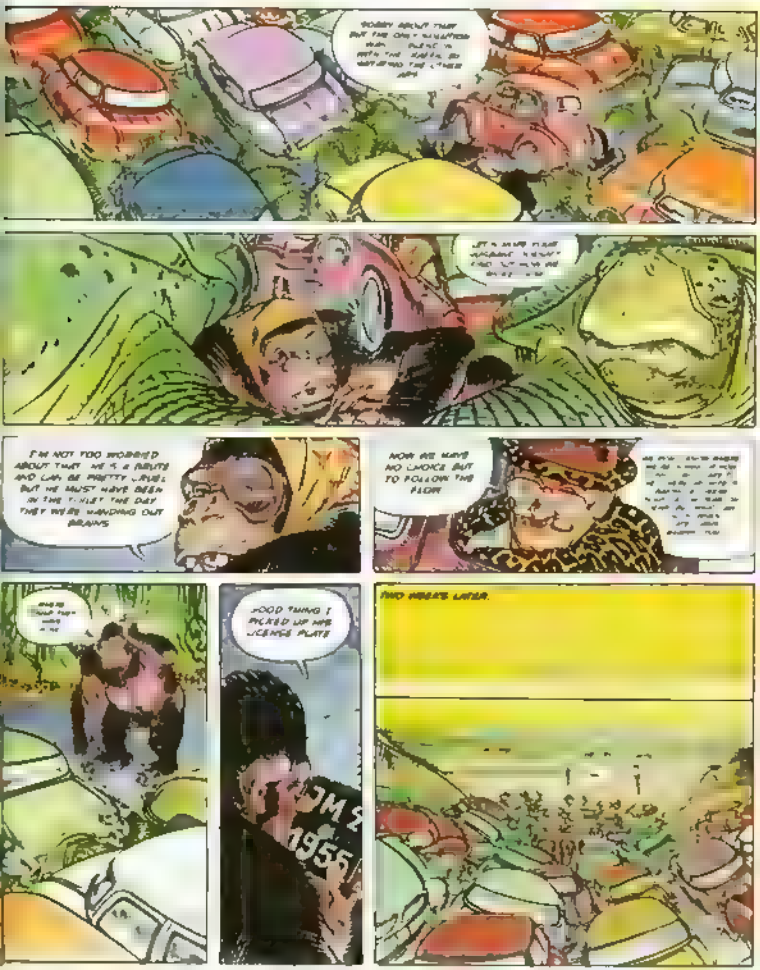
WHEN AUTOMOBILES LAID EGGS

ZULMA!
ZULMA! COME BACK RIGHT AWAY!

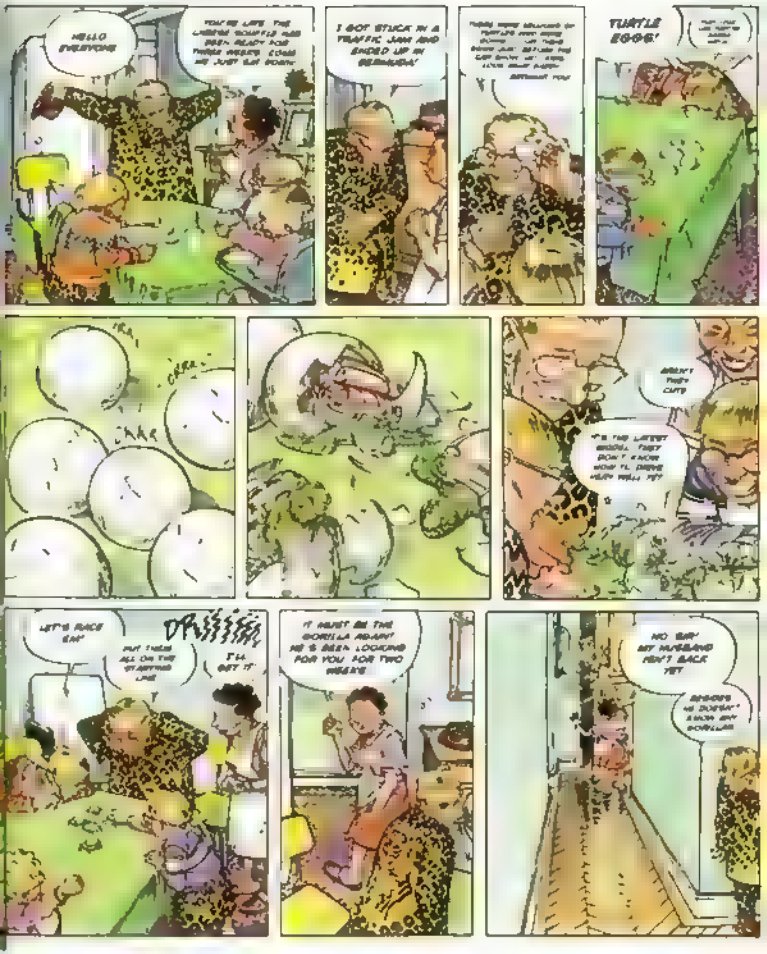

ZULMA! DIDJA HEAR ME?!?
DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE SCREAMING
ZULMAAA
DO YOU KNOW WHY? DO YOU KNOW WHY HE'S ANGRY WITH YOU
ZULMA, IF YOU DON'T COME BACK, I SWEAR I'M WONNA BEAT
I WOULDN'T MARRY TO BE YOUR HUSBAND
PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT HAPPENED. I FEEL SO SORRY WITH YOU

SPLAF!


STEP ON IT HURRY HURRY!


SORRY ABOUT THAT BUT THE ONLY WEAPONS WE PACK ARE THE KIND WE WIELD THEMSELVES
I'M NOT TOO WORRIED ABOUT THAT HE'S A BRUTE AND CAN BE PRETTY CRUEL BUT HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE TOILET THE DAY THEY WERE HANDING OUT BRAINS
NOW WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW THE FLOW
GOOD THING I MEMORIZED MY LICENCE PLATE
1956
TWO WEEKS LATER.

AH THE SEA!
I GET IT!
"RAFT THAT MOVING," THEY CAME ALL THIS WAY TO LAY THE NEW LINE OF VEHICLES ON THE BEACH WHERE THEY WERE BORN FAR AWAY FROM INDUSTRIAL ASSEMBLY LINES.
MAKES YOU WANNA CRY.
I GUESS IT'S OVER NOW THAT THE ROADS HAVE CLEARED I'D LIKE TO GET BACK HOME
I HOPE THE CHEESE SOUFFLE HASN'T COLLAPSED


HELLO EVERYONE
I GOT STUCK IN A TRAFFIC JAM AND ENDED UP IN BERMUDA!
TURTLE EGGS!
AREN'T THEY CUTE
LET'S RACE EM!
IT MUST BE THE GORILLA AGAIN! HE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR TWO WEEKS
NO SIR! MY HUSBAND HASN'T BACK YET

MACHO MAN

HEY YOU, ARE YOU COMIN' UP?
GULP
YOU TALKIN' TO ME OR TO THE ASSHOLE NEXT TO ME?
SHE'S TALKIN' TO ME SHE DIDN'T SAY "HEY FUCK FACE"
I'M TALKIN' TO THE BOTH OF YOU.
MARGIE AND MOLLY ARE WAITING FOR A MAN TO COME UP AND KEEP THEM COMPANY..
ARE YOU TALKIN' TO FUCK FACE OR ARE YOU TALKIN' TO ME?
SHE'S TALKIN' TO ME DIDN'T YOU HEAR HER SAY THEY WANTED A MAN?
GREAT GAL, THAT MARY I HUMPED HER TWICE A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.
I BET IT ALMOST KILLED YOU...
TEN YEARS AGO I COULD DO IT FOUR TIMES IN A ROW... HIC!
STOP BOASTING! HIC BRING ON ANOTHER BOTTLE BARTH!

WHO'S PAYING?
I'M GOOD FOR IT MIC.
NO, NO... PUT IT ON MY TAB. MIC.
WHO'S DORNSTAIRS MARY?
FATSO AND SNAKE BUT I THINK THEY'RE ALREADY WASTED
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL COME UP?
MOLLY WOW SHE'S A HOT ONE! SHE'S REALLY GOT A BEAVER ON HER THE LAST TIME I FUCKED HER MIC
TWICE?
THREE TIMES.
YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT
THAT CREEP TOM RANDAN DRINKS SO MUCH HE PISSES IN YOU AND PRETENDS HE'S COME
MARGE YOU KNOW THE BRUNETTE THE ONE WITH THE PEAR SHAPED TITS SHE HOWLS WITH PLEASURE WHEN I HOLD HER IN MY ARMS!
YOU SURE IT'S PLEASURE THAT'S MAKIN HER HOWL MIC

WALLACE IS THE WORST OF THE BUNCH. BESIDES STINKING TO HIGH HEAVEN, HE INSISTS ON SLOBBERING WITH HIS BOOTS AND SPURS ON. AS IF I WERE A WILD MARE HE WAS TAMING AND WHEN HE COMES, HE SCREAMS "YEE-HA!"
SO YOU NAILED HER THREE TIMES, HUH?
GLUG GLUG GLUG...
YOU'RE QUITE A STUD, FATSO.
YOU KNOW JOHNSON, THE FOREMAN AT PONDEROSSA? HE'S GOT SUCH A BIG DICK THAT YOU'D THINK HE WAS STICKING HIS BRANDING IRON INTO YOU
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT IT. IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS
YEAH. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT.
JUST TALKIN' ABOUT IT IS MAKIN' ME HORNY AIN'T I'M GOIN' UP TO SEE THE GIRLS...
WAIT, FATSO... I'M GOIN' UP FIRST! AIN'T I?
GET YER PAWS OFF ME!
LIGHT!
CRACK
YOU... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT... FATSO.
YEAH... I'M SHAKIN' IN MY BOOTS SHAKE. AIN'T

I'M GONNA.. KILL YOU
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT OUTSIDE? I DON'T WANT YOU TO BREAK UP MY BAR
ARGGH!
CRACK
OOPS! SORRY SMITH!
HEY LOOK. FATSO AND SNAKE ARE BRAWLIN'!
A DOLLAR SAYS FATSO'S GONNA WIN. HE'S STRONGER
MY DOLLAR IS ON SNAKE. HE'S MORE WILY
SO THAT'S YOUR LOT?
OK. FATSO YOU WIN
YOU GO UP FIRST
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS GONNA DO OLE MAN.

HEY SNAKE. WHO'S GONNA PAY FOR ALL THE DAMAGE?
PUT IT ON THE TAB...
WHOSE TAB?
FATSO'S, OF COURSE!
HEY GIRLS... HIC...
YOU OWE ME A DOLLAR, MOLLY
YOU'RE IN GREAT SHAPE.. LIKE ALWAYS MARGE..
MARY COWBOY I'M MARY
FEEL GREAT... MARY HIC.
I'M MARGE.. AND I FEEL FINE
THAT THAT WASN'T A QUESTION.. HIC
YOU GOT THE HIC.. BEST ASS THIS SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI MARY..
MOLLY. I'M MOLLY CAN I HELP YOU UNDRESS, COWBOY?
I CAN DO IT MYSELF. BABE...!
WHICH ONE OF US DO YOU WANT GOODLOOKIN'?
HIC!
EH... I DUNNO... ALL SIX OF YOU... HIC!

I'M ALL YOURS, GIRLS! HIC..
OH!
BOING
WHAT NOW?
GIVE ME A HAND! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THAT SORT OF GUY
...ZZZZ...
COCKLEDOODLEDOO!
PICADERO TOWN
OOOOOOOH..
HOW ARE YOU FEELIN' THIS MORNING, COWBOY?
OOOOOOUUUUUUN
HEY! SOME OF MY MONEY IS MISSING!
OF COURSE! I TOOK MY SHARE WHILE YOU SLEPT!
6

HOW MUCH DID YOU TAKE?
WHAT YOU OWED ME. EIGHT DOLLARS
LAST TIME IT ONLY COST ME TWO DOLLARS. YOU BITCH!
PLAH!
AAAAAHH!
I CHARGED YOU THE USUAL RATE TWO DOLLARS A GO..
WHAT?
YEAH.. I WAS SURPRISED TOO... I'D NEVER SEEN YOU LIKE THAT.. A REAL STALLION! YOU BANGED ME FOUR TIMES...
WHERE'S MY CIGARETTE?
HERE IT IS!
OOUUUCH!
YOU'RE LYING. THE LAST TIME I MADE IT FOUR TIMES I WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD!
LET HER GO, COWBOY!

WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM THE TRUTH, MARGE?
WHY? BECAUSE HE WON'T BELIEVE ME!
THE TRUTH? WHAT TRUTH?
LAST NIGHT YOU WERE A REAL ANIMAL. I HEARD MARGE HOWLING WITH PLEASURE SO I CAME TO SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING. DO YOU REMEMBER THAT?
NO.
YOU JUMPED HER FOUR TIMES, AND THEN GAVE IT TO ME!
I BET AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME THAT I SCREWED MOLLY TOO!
YOU TRIED... BUT YOU DIDN'T MAKE IT!
I SHOULD KILL YOU BITCHES! BUT . I HAVE A BETTER IDEA...
IT'S UP... TO YOU.. COWBOY...
A ROUND OF DRINKS TO SNAKE'S HEALTH!
AND WHO'S PAYING?
JUST PUT IT ON THE TAB...
WHOSE TAB?
FATSO'S!
WHAT'S THE OCCASION, SNAKE?
YOU TELL HIM, BABE. . THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME

SURFAMIDE

HEY HONEY LET'S GO OUT IT'S BEEN A WHILE YOU'RE WORKING TOO MUCH ANYWAYS.
SHHHT IT'S REALLY NOT A GOOD TIME I'M ABOUT TO BREAK THROUGH CYBER BOUNDARIES LEAVE ME ALONE NEED TO CONCENTRATE
IT'S NEVER A GOOD TIME! I'M SO FED UP WITH THIS
CYBER GENIUS MY ASS! I'LL GO BY MYSELF THEN
THAT'S IT I CAN ALREADY FEEL A PRELIMINARY STRETCH OF REALITY'S FABRIC

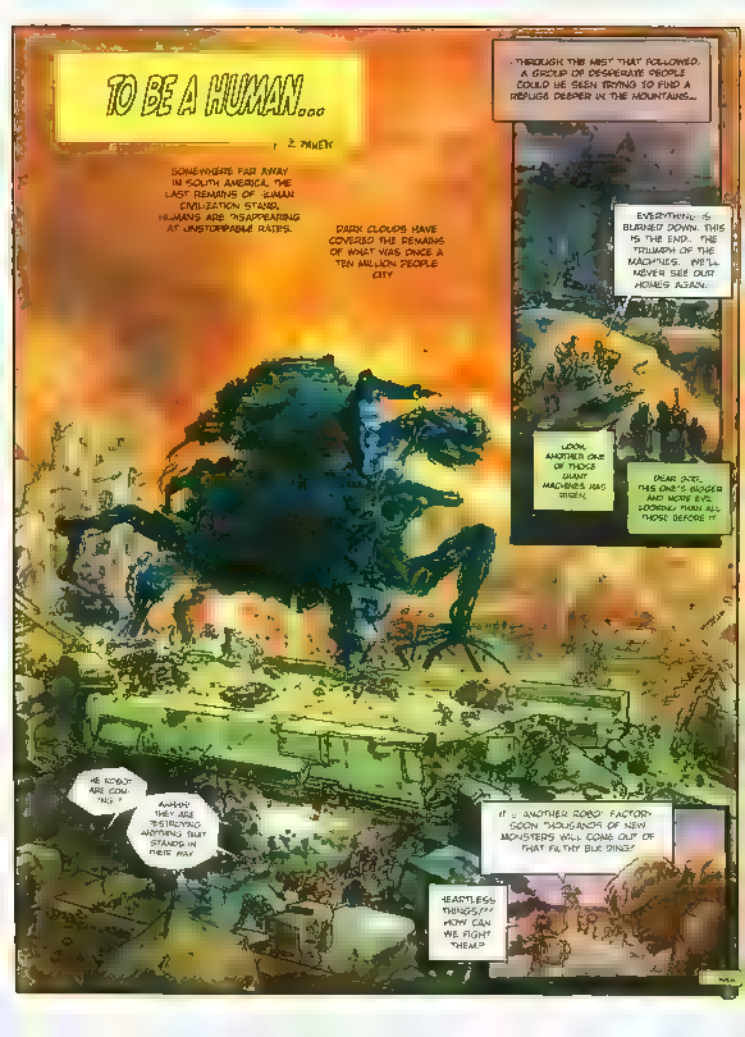
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE
THAT HURTS HUNNGH!
OH SHIT!
BBRRRZZZT

ZAHOOOONNHG
WOW!! MUST HAVE PUSHED THE PARAMETERS A LITTLE TOO MUCH
GEEEGH! THIS IS MORE THAN CYBER
ITS REAL
HEY DUDE GLAD TO SEE THAT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE TO RIDE THE BIG ONE TODAY . YOU BETTER GET A BOARD REAL FAST

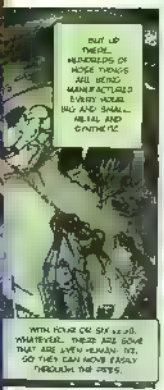
A BOARD? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? REALLY DON'T GET IT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY REALITY ANYWAYS?
BUT .. DIDN'T PROGRAMM ANY OF THIS.
WOOSH
HA. TOLD YA...BETTER GET MOVING!
BY THE HORNS OF ALL HYPRA-PIXELS
AM.
REALLY REALLY
GOING TO DIE. THIS IS WAY TOO REAL

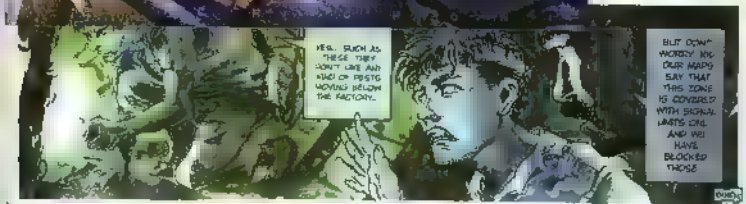
THAT ARCH, MY ONLY ESCAPE
FLASH
GULP !!

THIS MEMBRANE SEEMS SOFT AND ATTRACTIVE
AND A FEW MONTHS LATER
A MIRACLE HAPPENS AGAIN..


TO BE A HUMAN...
by ZAMEN
SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY IN SOUTH AMERICA, THE LAST REMAINS OF HUMAN CIVILIZATION STAND. HUMANS ARE DISAPPEARING AT UNSTOPPABLE RATES.
DARK CLOUDS HAVE COVERED THE REMAINS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A TEN MILLION PEOPLE CITY
THROUGH THE MIST THAT FOLLOWED, A GROUP OF DESPERATE PEOPLE COULD BE SEEN TRYING TO FIND A REFUGE DEEPER IN THE MOUNTAINS...
EVERYTHING IS BURNED DOWN. THIS IS THE END. THE TRIUMPH OF THE MACHINES. WE'LL NEVER SEE OUR HOMES AGAIN.
LOOK, ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE GIANT MACHINES HAS RISEN.
DEAR DIOS, THIS ONE'S BIGGER AND MORE EVIL LOOKING THAN ALL THOSE BEFORE IT
HE ROBOT ARE COMING !
AAAHH! THEY ARE DESTROYING ANYTHING THAT STANDS IN THEIR WAY
!! ... ANOTHER ROBO- FACTORY. SOON THOUSANDS OF NEW MONSTERS WILL COME OUT OF THAT FA THY BUI DING!
HEARTLESS THINGS!!! HOW CAN WE FIGHT THEM?

HERE. THIS IS THE PASSAGE TO THE LOWER ENGINES


BUT UP THERE... HUNDREDS OF THOSE THINGS ARE BEING MANUFACTURED EVERY HOUR. BIG AND SMALL... METAL AND CYBERNETIC
WITH FOUR OR SIX LEGS. WHATEVER. THEIR ARE SOME THAT ARE EVEN HUMAN-LIKE, SO THEY CAN MOVE EASILY THROUGH THE PIPES.


YES. SUCH AS THESE THEY DON'T LIKE AND KIND OF PESTS MOVING BELOW THE FACTORY...
BUT DON'T WORRY. ON OUR MAPS SAY THAT THIS ZONE IS COVERED WITH SIGNAL LIMITS ON, AND WE HAVE BLOCKED THOSE

HAVE WE PASSED THE AREA WE ARE LOOKING FOR?
NO. A LITTLE FURTHER, HOWEVER. JUST A LITTLE FURTHER AND THE NOISE OF THE MACHINES WILL SOON BE SO LOUD YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR YOURSELF THINK.
HERE. THIS IS THE PASSAGE TO THE LOWER ENGINES.
M... I'M EXHAUST D AN... CAN'T GO ON ANY MORE
ARE YOU SURE THAT THE ROBOTS CAN'T GET THROUGH HERE?
SURE. NO WE ARE NOT SURE OF ANYTHING THESE DAYS, MAN.
STILL, WE ARE ALIVE RIGHT HERE RIGHT NOW. THAT MEANS SOMETHING
WAY UP THERE HUNDREDS OF METAL SPIDERS ARE BEING MAGICAL TIZED. EVERY HERE AN' THEN, WE RUN AND SPIN THE
YES, MUST HURRY. WE MUST BE NEAR THE MAIN TUNNEL. HOPEFULLY FEW THOUSANDS OF OTHERS
WITH REAL SILICON, EYES AND ALL THE OTHER. THERE ARE SOME THAT ARE EVEN MEAN, I'LL SO THEY CAN MOVE EASILY THROUGH THE WIRES
MR. PERES?
YES. SUCH AS THESE THAT DON'T SEE ANYTHING MOVING BEHIND THE FACTORY
WHAT DON MORRIS AND OUR MAPS SAY THAT THIS ZONE IS COVERED WITH SIGNAL INFO ONLY AND WE HAVE BLOCKED THOSE

LEVEL 348 AS WE ARE CLOSE
VERY CLOSE. THE CENTRAL MEMORY BLOCK IS SOMEWHERE ABOVE US
THAT'S IT SECTION 3 IF 203
THIS CONSOLE HAS THE CABLES THAT CONNECT TO THE MAIN COMPUTER WE'LL OPEN THIS..
HERE IT IS THE ABLE TO ACCESS THE CENTRAL MEMORY BLOCK HOLD ON I'M OPENING
WE HAVE BE ABLE TO CONNECT MEM
QUIET. THINK HEAR SOMETHING.
IT'S THEM!!! THE THE ROBOTS!!! AAAHHH. THEY ARE COMING FOR US!!!
HUSH. CALM DOWN, BOY THOSE ARE JUST LITTLE ANIMALS. THEY ARE LOST IN THIS DEVASTATED WORLD, LIKE US
OWL HOMER, WE THINK MATTER IS READY...

CLEAR. GIVE ME CONTACT
HE'LL MAKE IT
HE OUGHT TO HOMER'S BRAIN WAVES HAVE THE HIGHEST AMPLITUDE. HIS REACTIONS ARE STILL THE MOST VIVID ONES
WE MADE IT. THE TRANSMITTER HAS CONNECTED WITH THE BRAIN. THE CABLES WILL TRANSFER THE INFORMATION TO THE MAIN COMPUTER.
... NOW, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. GATHER EVERYTHING. NOT A SINGLE THING MUST BE LEFT BEHIND

HOPE OUR SCIENTISTS WERE RIGHT
WE WON'T BE ALIVE TO SEE IT. WE CERTAINLY WON'T.
BUT SOME DAY
WHO KNOWS
WHO KNOWS.

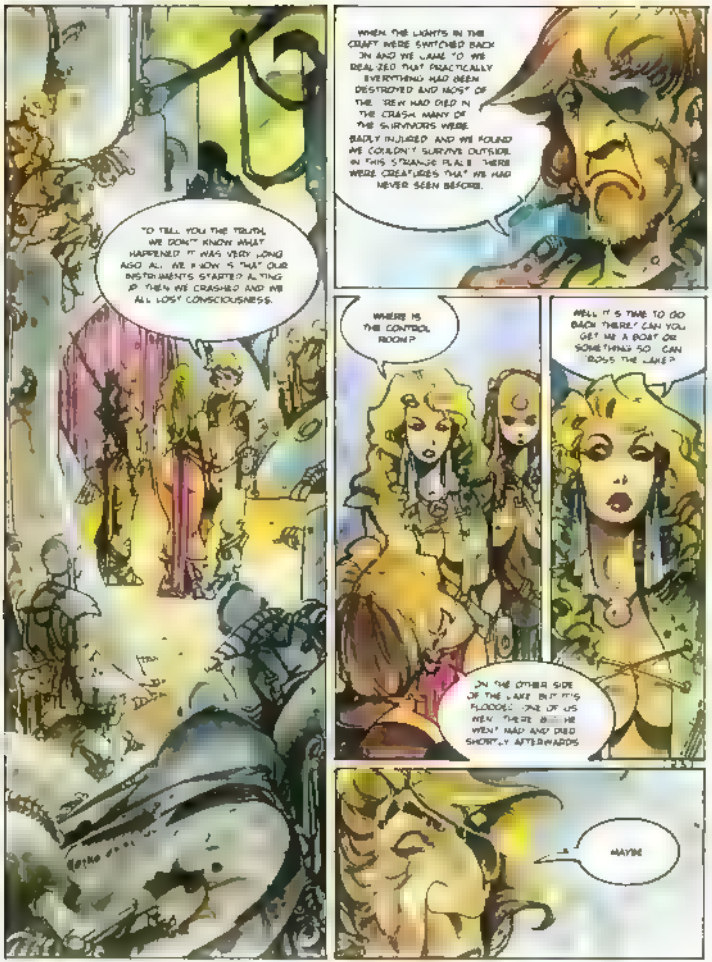
AM A ROBOT A NEW ROBOT THEY STILL HAVEN'T GIVEN ME A NAME WAS CREATED TODAY
MANY MANY YEARS LATER
NAMELESS ROBOT YOU KNOW YOUR JOB. THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE BUILT FOR. START NOW!
THIS IS THE TESTING PHASE MY TEST
AT THE OTHER END OF THE CHAIN HOLD A CREATURE A FRAGILE MASS OF BONES AND MEAT THAT IS A HUMAN ONCE UPON A TIME THEY LIVED HERE. THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TOLD.
DO IT! NOW!
THERE'S SOMETHING SAD IN ITS EYES... FEAR? NO BECAUSE THE HUMAN STANDS STILL SAYFELY. IN A WAY ONLY HUMANS CAN BE. AT THE EDGE OF THE ROCK THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO THROW IT FROM.
ONE TWIST OF MY HAND AND THE LIFE OF THIS CREATURE WILL END AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF
THERE I'VE KILLED THIS CREATURE WORN ED SKIN, SOFT HANDS WITH TO WEAK MUSCLES IT HOLDS SOME OBJECT TIGHTLY TO ITS SLIGHT BODY

THE ROBOT HAS A HAND MADE OUT OF METAL. AN IRON FIST THAT CLENCHES WITH THE STRENGTH OF A BULLDOZER... AND THE HUMAN? A TRAY WEAVE OF FRAGILE NERVES WITH BLOOD RUNNING THROUGH THEM.
I'M WATCHING THE OLDER ROBOT GRABBING THAT YELLOW PIECE OF PAPER..
IT MUST BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT SINCE IT WON'T LET GO...
ARGH..
NOTHING... JUST A PHOTOGRAPH OF WOMAN WITH A CHILD..
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND. THE HUMAN KNOWS OF LOVE AND SORROW. THE ROBOT DOES NOT. HUMANS CAN DIE... AND CRY..
THE ROBOT CANNOT DO THAT.
.. AND HE STEPS ON IT
MEMORIES.. STUPID MEMORIES... THAT IS WHY HUMANS ARE SO WEAK.
KRUNCH!
.. AND ..
THE ROBOT IS NOTHING!!!
.. I AM NOTHING..
BECAUSE THE ROBOT IS ONLY A METAL MACHINE WITH NO SOUL. WIRES AND LEVERS... CHIPS... A BUNCH OF MECHANISMS.
7

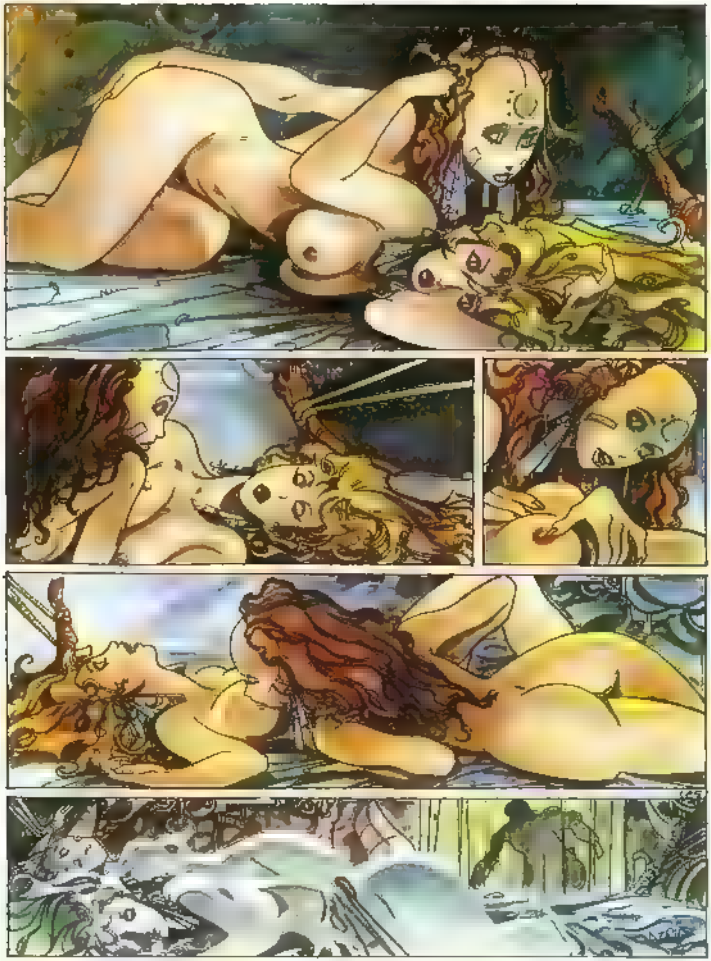
SOMETHING IS GOING ON INSIDE OF ME... SOMETHING GOOD... THE CONSTRUCTORS DID NOT FORESEE THIS...
I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHERS...
MY STRONG METAL FINGERS ARE TEARING HEAVY CHAINS APART...
HUMAN!!! YOU ARE FREE!!! GO!!!
THE HUMAN SEEMED SCARED IT DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO IT JUST FROZE IN FRONT OF ME... IT WAS WITHIN SECONDS OF FREEDOM BUT IT UNEXPECTEDLY FEARED FOR ITS LIFE...
AND THEN THE MECHANISMS OF ITS BRAIN AND SYNAPSES FINALLY REALIZED THE SITUATION.
SSHHOO
IT SWIFTLY STARTED RUNNING
NAMELESS ROBOT!!! YOU... YOU LET THE HUMAN GO!!!
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
KNOW I HAVE FINISHED MY TEST I HAVE FAILED.

THE NUMBER ONE RULE: EVERY ROBOT THAT MAKES AN ERROR M[illegible] BE ELIMINATED.
THE IRON LOVER WILL TERMINATE YOUR EXISTENCE
BUT [illegible] WANT [illegible] DIE
WANT TO LIVE
LIVE[illegible] ONLY HUMANS ARE AFRAID OF DEATH. ONLY HUMANS CAN DIE.
THE WISH TO LIVE IS ONLY A HUMAN THING!
BUT ...
WANT TO BE A HUMAN!!!

SSHH
HE WAS A BAD ROBOT
HE WAS TOO MUCH HUMAN INSIDE
BORDERS HAVE BECOME MORE FOR CLIENT. WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY LIKE THIS ONE BEFORE
YEAH. YOU KNOW. WHEN SWUNG THE LEVER THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING...
AS IF I HAD A HUMAN IN FRONT OF ME...

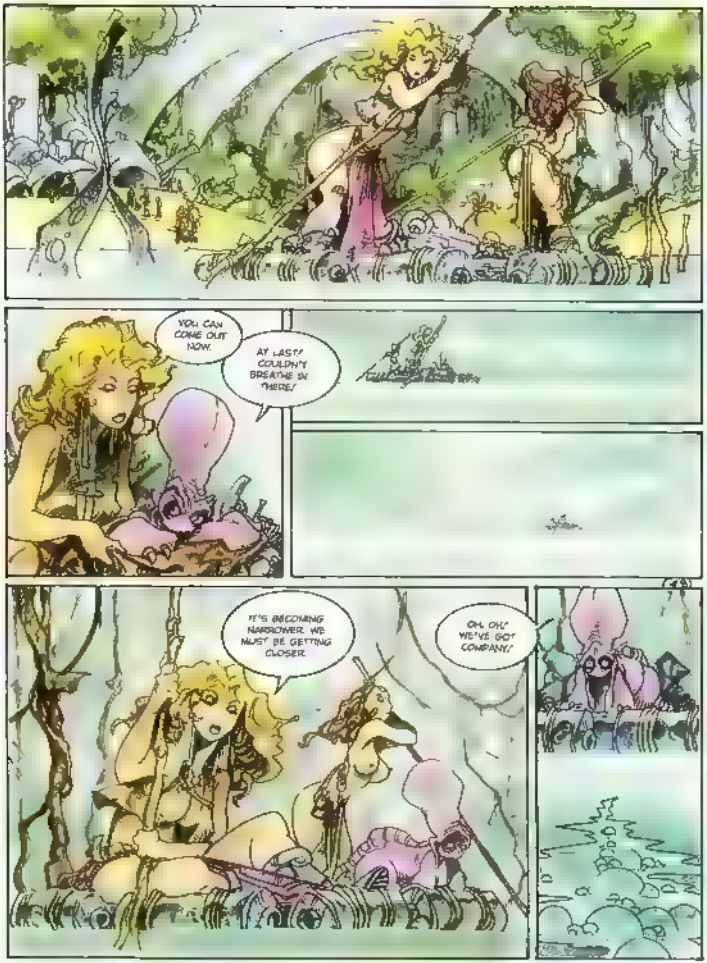

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. IT WAS VERY LONG AGO. ALL WE KNOW IS THAT OUR INSTRUMENTS STARTED ACTING UP, THEN WE CRASHED AND WE ALL LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.
WHEN THE LIGHTS IN THE CRAFT WERE SWITCHED BACK ON AND WE CAME TO, WE REALIZED THAT PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING HAD BEEN DESTROYED AND MOST OF THE CREW HAD DIED IN THE CRASH. MANY OF THE SURVIVORS WERE BADLY INJURED AND WE FOUND WE COULDN'T SURVIVE OUTSIDE IN THIS STRANGE PLACE. THERE WERE CREATURES THAT WE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
WHERE IS THE CONTROL ROOM?
WELL, IT'S TIME TO GO BACK THERE. CAN YOU GET ME A BOAT OR SOMETHING SO I CAN CROSS THE LAKE?
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE BUT IT'S FLOODED. ONE OF US WENT THERE BEFORE WE'D HAD AND DIED SHORTLY AFTERWARDS.
MAYBE

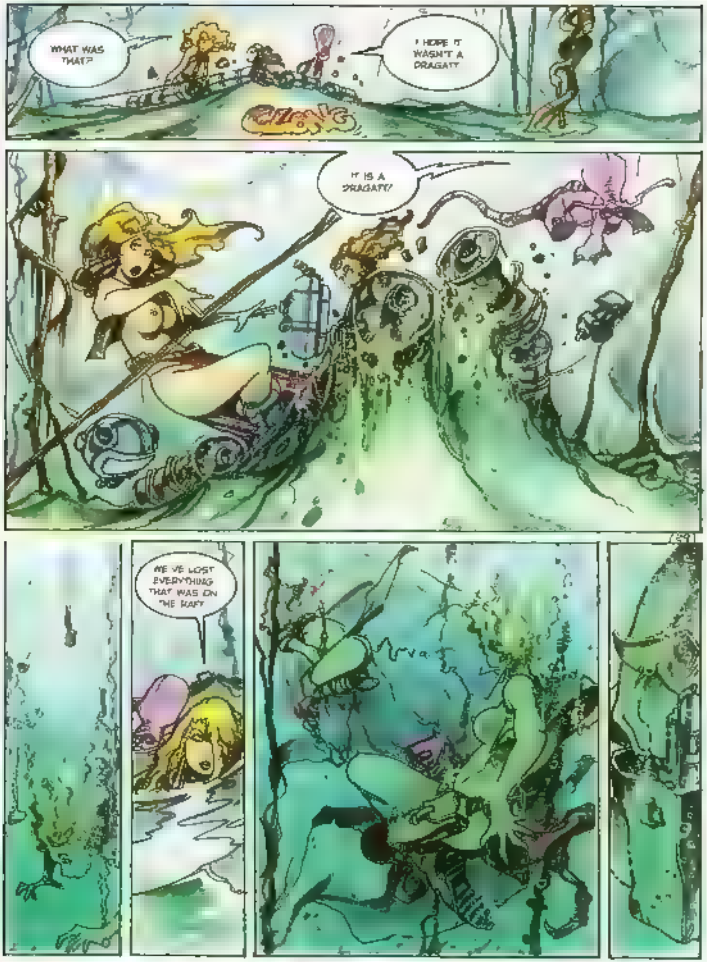
I WANT TO GO WITH YOU.
IT COULD BE DARK HEROES WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE
MUST DO SOMETHING I'VE BEEN ALONE FOR TOO LONG

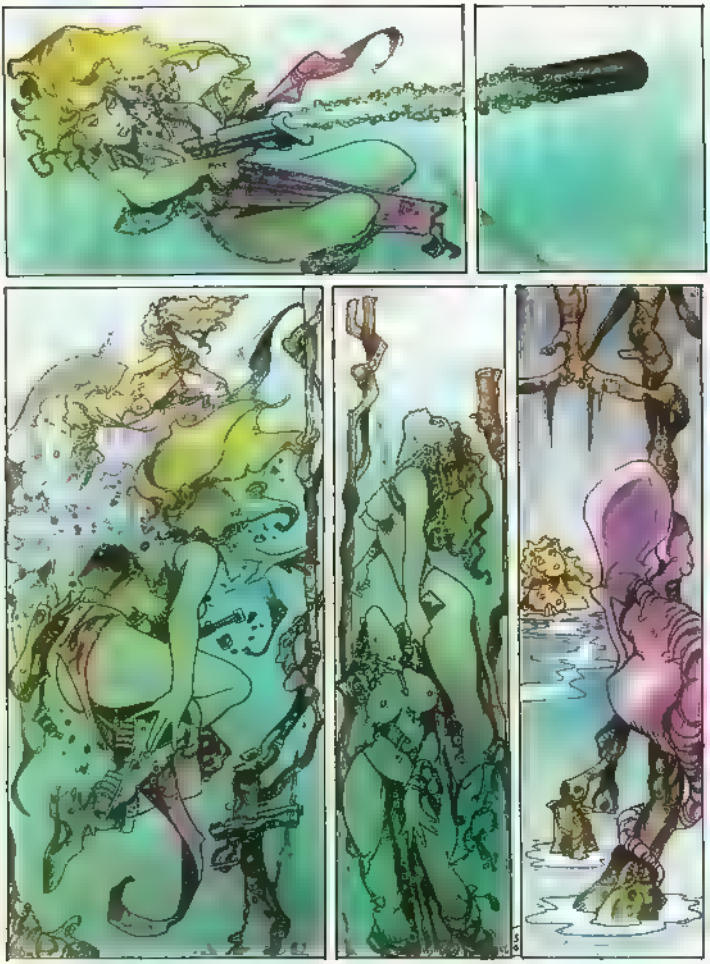


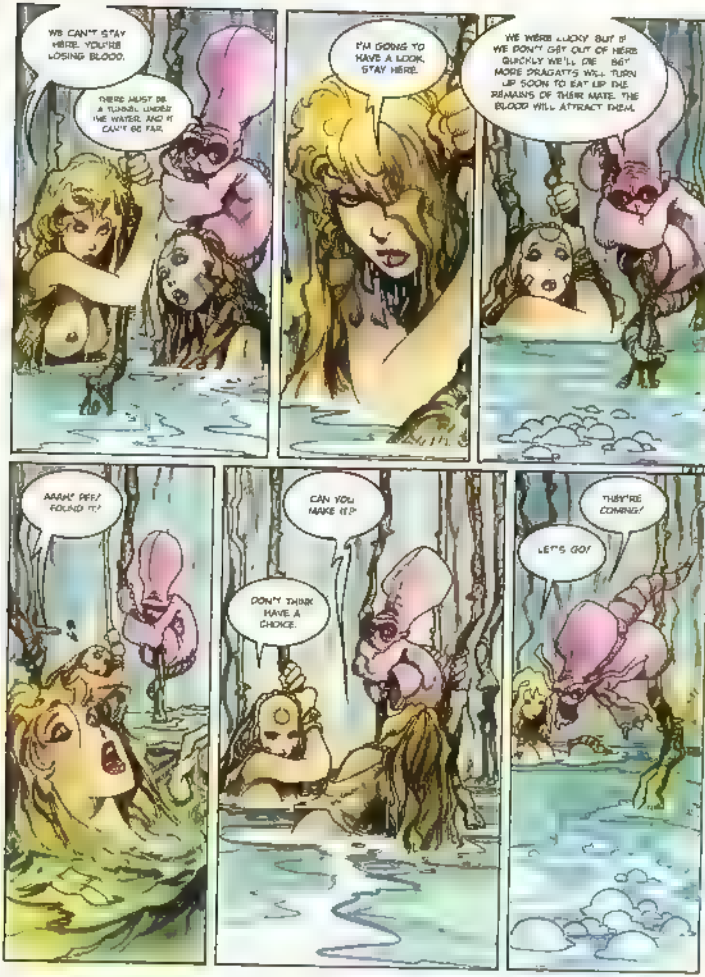
CRACK
BE CAREFUL!
WAIT!!!
CRACK
HEAVENS.
WHAT SORT OF CREATURE IS THIS?
ARMOR? AND AEL WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE THOUGHT THAT MAYBE YOU NEED HELP BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE MANAGING ON YOUR OWN

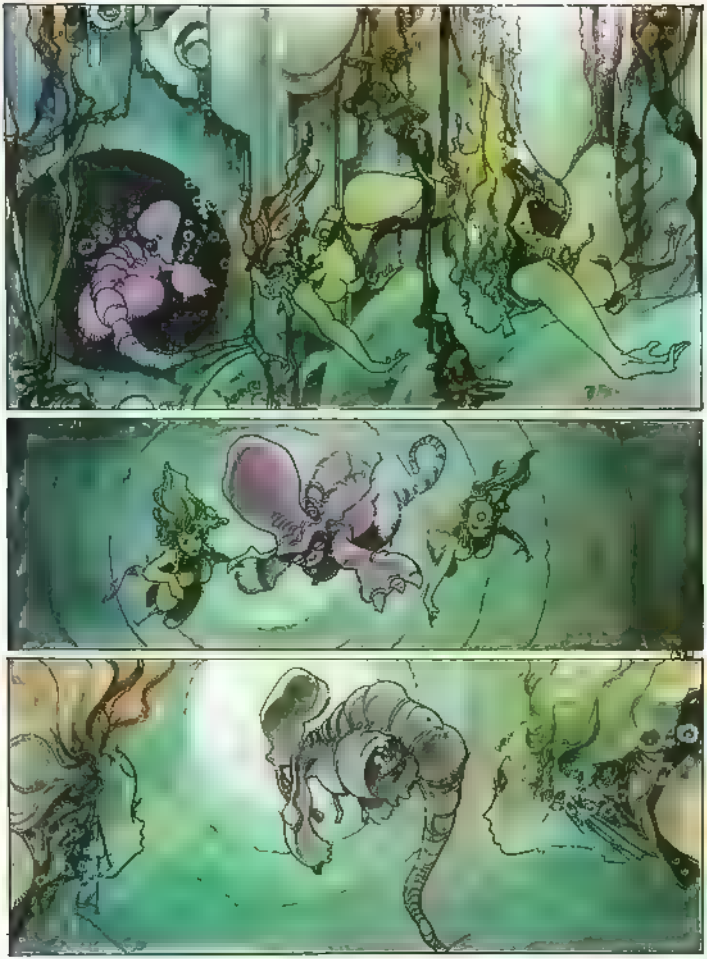
ENEA AND BIG, COME WITH ME! BLOT WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO OUR SPACECRAFT. STAY THERE AND DON'T MOVE TILL I GET BACK. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT US TO GO WITH YOU?
DOUBT IF YOU FEEL LIKE GOING FOR A DIP IN THE DIRTY LAKE
NOW GET MOVING! DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE YOU. BESIDES, THE TWO OF US HAVE TO PREPARE FOR THE EXPEDITION.
DON'T WORRY. I'LL BE BACK SOON.
DO YOU THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE THIS CREATURE WITH US?
BIG KNOWS THE INSIDE OF THE SPACECRAFT LIKE HIS POCKET. HE'LL BE A GREAT HELP.
THANKS A LOT!


YOU CAN COME OUT NOW.
AT LAST! COULDN'T BREATHE IN THERE!
IT'S BECOMING NARROWER. WE MUST BE GETTING CLOSER.
OH, OH! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!


WHAT WAS THAT?
I HOPE IT WASN'T A DRAGATT
IT IS A DRAGATT!
WE'VE LOST EVERYTHING THAT WAS ON THE RAFT



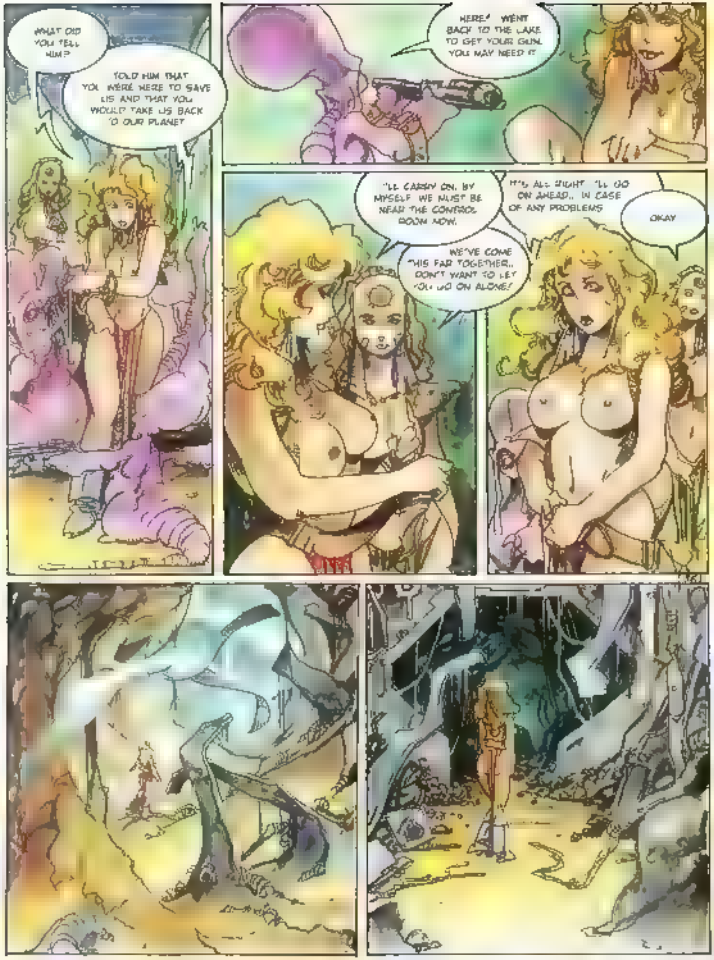

WE CAN'T STAY HERE. YOU'RE LOSING BLOOD.
THERE MUST BE A TUNNEL UNDER THE WATER. AND IT CAN'T BE FAR.
I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK. STAY HERE.
WE WERE LUCKY BUT IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE QUICKLY WE'LL DIE. BIG MORE DRAGATTS WILL TURN UP SOON TO EAT UP THE REMAINS OF THEIR MATE. THE BLOOD WILL ATTRACT THEM.
AAAH! PEF! FOUND IT!
CAN YOU MAKE IT?
DON'T THINK HAVE A CHOICE.
THEY'RE COMING!
LET'S GO!

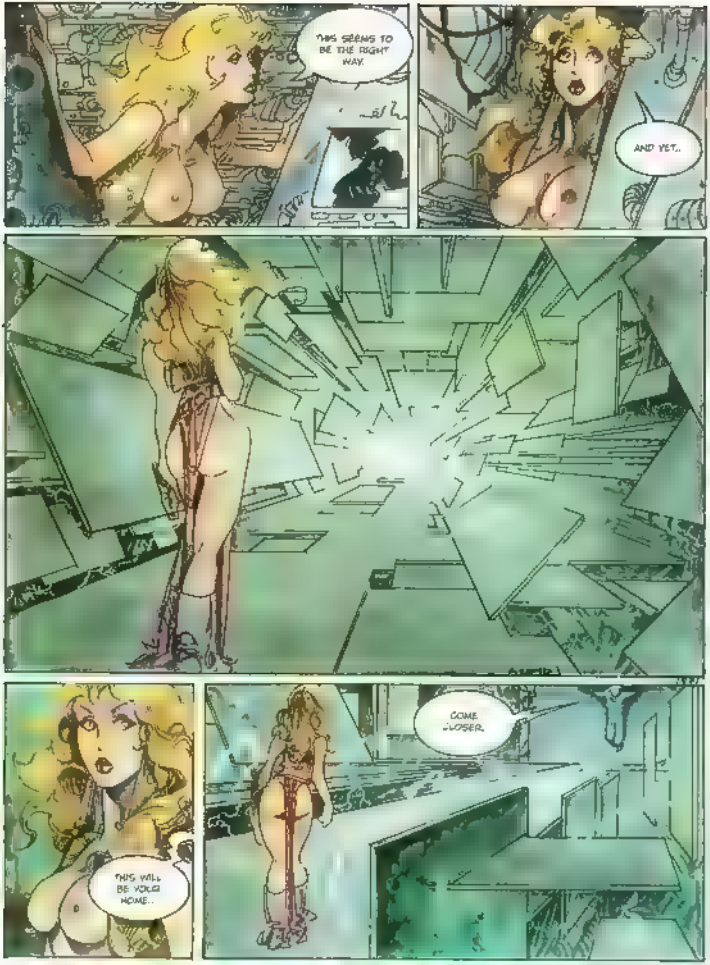


LEAN ON ME. HAVE TO TRY TO STOP THE BLEEDING.
IT WILL BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO KEEP UP YOUR INJURY ISN'T TOO SERIOUS BUT IT WILL HURT WHEN YOU WALK.
I'M SORRY
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT
BAG, DON'T GO SO FAST WE'RE GOING TO LOSE YOU
BAG? WHERE ARE YOU?

DAMN IT! GET OFF ME!
WE HAVE ENOUGH FOOD FOR TODAY!

THEY'RE THE SAME SPECIES AS BIG! I'D TRUST THAT CREATURE
IT'S NOT BIG I'M WORRIED ABOUT
CHEF DROT WILL CUT UP AND PREPARE OUR DELICIOUS DINNER
UMMM. WHAT A SCRUMPTIOUS MEAL TONIGHT. LET'S START HERE
LNDORA ENO OTOOORESSART CAERTAA JORTABED NOOOOOKKKELON FERRRIGERAENM OTORAAATG NO BNNNYOSA ALLLERA ENT
STOP IT! DON'T YOU EVEN DARE THINK OF TOUCHING THEM!


WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM?
I TOLD HIM THAT YOU WERE HERE TO SAVE US AND THAT YOU WOULD TAKE US BACK TO OUR PLANET
HERE! I WENT BACK TO THE LAKE TO GET YOUR GUN. YOU MAY NEED IT
I'LL CARRY ON. BY MYSELF. WE MUST BE NEAR THE CONTROL ROOM NOW.
WE'VE COME THIS FAR TOGETHER.. I DON'T WANT TO LET YOU GO ON ALONE!
IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL GO ON AHEAD.. IN CASE OF ANY PROBLEMS
OKAY


THIS SEEMS TO BE THE RIGHT WAY.
AND YET..
COME CLOSER.
THIS WILL BE YOUR HOME..

I HAD BEEN WAITING HERE FOR YOU EVER SINCE YOU CAME OUT OF HIBERNATION, IN YOUR OLD SPACECRAFT
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO AM I?
USED TO BE COMMANDER HENRY ANSEL CURTIS, CAPTAIN OF THE COLONISTS' SPACECRAFT ARK.
NOW I AM GOD
WHAT HAPPENED?
HUMAN BEINGS ARE FAMILIAR WITH BLACK HOLES. BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY GO. WE WERE ABSORBED BY ONE OF THEM.
THE PAIN... WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE THE PAIN. YOUR BODY MELTS AND FUSES WITH METAL. YOUR MOLECULES ARE TRANSFORMED. AND THE SENSATIONS IN YOUR BRAIN CANNOT BE DESCRIBED.
ALTUR

FOR NO REASON, OUR SPACECRAFT WAS THROWN BACK INTO OUR UNIVERSE. OUR CRAFT BLEEDED WITH THE REMAINS OF OTHER CREATURES AND OTHER WORLDS THAT HAD KNOWN THE SAME FATE AS MS. MAD. NOW WE NEED A HEARTH, AND THAT IS WHY WE ARE RETURNING HOME.
THEY WON'T ACCEPT YOU. YOU POSE A THREAT FOR THEM. THEY'LL DESTROY YOU.
I'LL DESTROY THEM. I'LL CREATE A NEW SPECIES, AND I'M COUNTING ON YOU FOR THAT!
WAIT! THIS IS ABSURD
OUR CHILDREN WILL RULE THE WORLD AND PERHAPS THE UNIVERSE.
LET ME BE YOUR INSTRUMENT.

MAY MY SEED CREATE A NEW WORLD...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?
I MUST CREATE MY DESCENDANTS.
WHO DID THAT?
STUPID FANATIC!
AND DON'T WISH TO HARM YOU! YOU WILL BE THE MOTHER OF MY DESCENDANTS
DON'T WISH TO DESTROY YOU..

WHAT'S GOING ON?! I'M LOSING ENERGY!!
YOU SHOULDN'T BE WORRYING ABOUT HIM...
... BUT ABOUT ME!
AAAAAHHH

ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH, I'M FINE.
WHO WAS THAT?
THE COMPUTER ON THE SPACECRAFT. THE ARK IS NOW ADRIFT IN SPACE AND MUST BE DESTROYED.
AND YOU WILL BE TAKEN BACK TO YOUR PLANET.
CAN I COME WITH YOU?
THERE'S NO ROOM ON MY SPACECRAFT. BUT THE FEDERATION WILL SEND A RESCUE CRAFT.
TOO BAD! JUST AS I WAS GETTING USED TO THIS PLACE.

COME ON, GUYS, WE NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP. WE HAVE A LONG RETURN JOURNEY AHEAD.
NO, WHEN I FALL ASLEEP I HAVE NIGHTMARES.
DAMN RUSTY TIN CAN! I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT ROBOTS ONLY DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP.
I DON'T GET IT! HOW CAN A HUMAN BEING POSSIBLY TURN INTO A COMPUTER...?